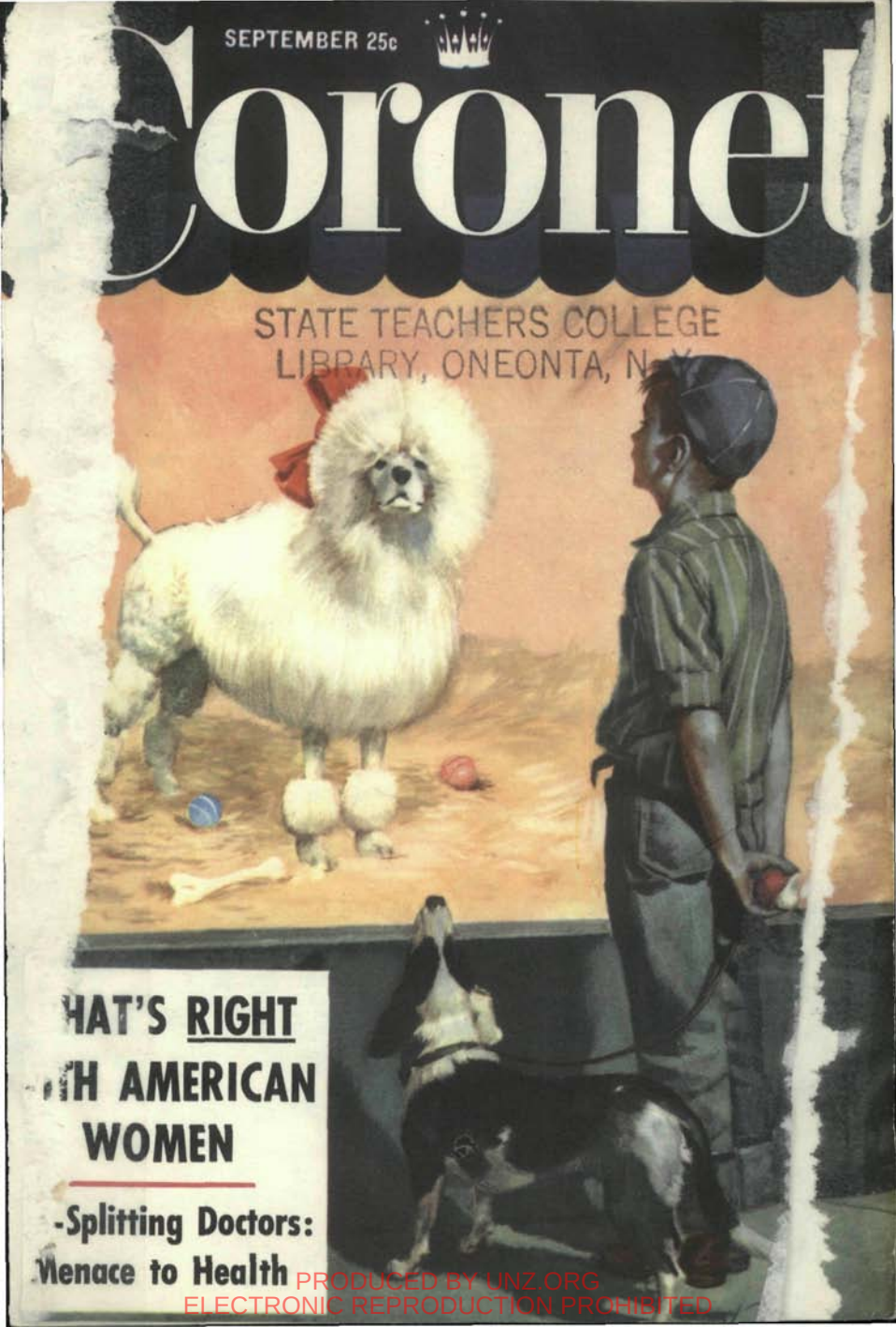
SEPTEMBER 25c

Coronet

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
LIBRARY, ONEONTA, N. Y.



HAT'S RIGHT
H AMERICAN WOMEN

-Splitting Doctors:
Menace to Health

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Symbol of HOPE

• FLOWERS express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because . . . like life . . . flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS F.T.D. MERCURY EMBLEM. IT IDENTIFIES THE RIGHT SHOPS!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How I retired in 15 years with $200 a month

"Up until fifteen years ago, I never could have pictured myself as I am today—financially independent for life. I'm driving to Florida, maybe Mexico. I can do as I like. For I'm *retired* now—with a check for $200 a month guaranteed for life.

"I owe my luck to the 'recession' in 1936. Business started up, then dropped back. I'd put some money in the market, and lost.

"I had a good job, luckily. But I'd looked forward to retiring someday. In my fifties, I hoped. And I was forty already.

"About then, Arthur Thompson, who worked in our office, told us he was retiring. Going South to live. Arthur was maybe sixty. I said how I envied him, and how hopeless it seemed for me ever to retire.

"Then Arthur said the thing that opened my eyes. 'You know, you can retire a lot easier than I did. You can plan now to get a guaranteed income in, say, 15 years. There's a modern answer to retiring young enough. It's called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It's a way you can make part of your salary now buy you a retirement income later.

"I jotted the name on my calendar pad, and later I wrote Phoenix for information. Back came a booklet telling all about Retirement Income Plans. *Yes, this was for me!*

"Soon after, I applied and qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan . . . Fifteen years rushed by. A while ago, I got my first Phoenix Mutual check and retired! Those checks will keep coming for life. I'm taking life easy—with no money worries."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Copyright 1952. By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

PLAN FOR MEN | **PLAN FOR WOMEN**

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
904 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name_____

Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

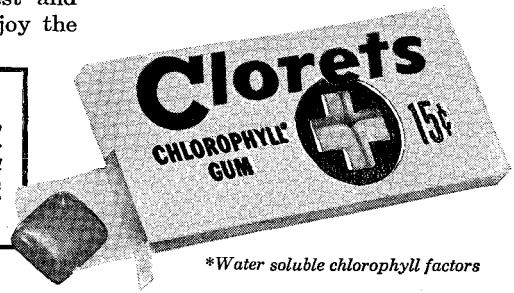
Delicious new chewing gum, rich in chlorophyll*, banishes breath odors from such causes as Onions, Garlic, Smoking, Alcohol

Millions find CLORETS the most effective enemy of bad breath. And the tastiest! Science combines in CLORETS, delicious chewing gum with chlorophyll, the amazing green purifier.

CLORETS is the pleasantest and most convenient way to enjoy the truly astounding benefits of chlorophyll. For all you need do is chew CLORETS and in seconds your breath becomes "Kissing Sweet" even after *smoking, drinking* or *eating onions.*

MAKE THIS BREATH TEST

Eat onions. Chew CLORETS. *Hear your best friend say: "Your breath is Kissing Sweet."*



**Water soluble chlorophyll factors*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coronet

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Editorial Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Managing Editor:
JOHN BARKHAM

Associate Editors:
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
GEROLD FRANK
GLENN KITTLER
BEN NELSON
STELLJES NICHOLS

Roving Editors:
CAROL HUGHES
GRADY JOHNSON
ZELDA POPKIN

Editorial Associates:
MARY CAREY
PHILIP DOYLE
JIM GUERRIER
PAUL STEINER
GERALDINE YOUCHA

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Art Director:
GEORGE SAMERJAN

Advertising Manager:
PAUL P. JONES

David A. Smart, President & Chairman of the Board; A. L. Hinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. & Treas.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.
Copyright: Coronet is copyrighted 1952 by Esquire, Inc., under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner, is prohibited.
Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for September, 1952

VOL. 32, No. 5, WHOLE No. 191

Articles

My Home Town ... BARBARA BLACK 19
Fee-Splitting Doctors: Menace to Health ... ARCH J. BEATTY, M.D. 22
What New Religion? ... ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE 27
Hollywood's Greatest Lover ... GRADY JOHNSON 28
Finding Happiness in an Ordinary Career ... THE REV. JAMES GORDON GILKEY 32
Wonderland of Deep-Sea Hunters ... PIERRE DE LATIL AND MARY THAYER MULLER 38
The Many Sides of Toscanini ... GLENN D. KITTLER 51
The Navy's Strangest Battle ... STANLEY J. MEYER 54
It's Your Constitution ... WILLIAM LA VARRE 56
What Is Right with American Women ... BERNARD VALERY 60
If You Want to Stay Healthy ... GLEN R. SHEPHERD, M.D. 64
King—of Massachusetts' Safety ... STANLEY EAMES 75
From Allen's Alley ... 79
The Dancing Master Who Helps a Town ... JOSEPH A. MEHAN 80
How to Save on Mortgage Money ... SAM SHULSKY 84
A Desert Ghost Comes to Life ... J. CAMPBELL BRUCE 90
I Found Wainwright in Prison Camp ... MARCEL JUNOD 94
The Annie Oakley Legend ... FRANK SIEDEL 115
My Battle with a Leopard ... CARL AKELEY 120
It Happened in Jerusalem ... ROBERT G. MCGREGOR 125
What's Your Marital Rating? ... GEORGE W. CRANE, PH.D., M.D. 126
Prison Redeemer and Hero ... JAMES WALLACE, JR. 128
Your Friend the Moving Man ... LAURENCE GREENE 139
Floating Airfields for Arctic Defense ... NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE 142
"Where No Child Knocks in Vain" ... FRANK E. CROFT 146

Pictorial Features

Tribute to a Patriot ... CAMERA CLOSE-UP 12
25,000 Years of Man ... ART FEATURE IN COLOR 43
Feathered Friends ... PICTURE STORY 67
The Price of Crime ... PICTORIAL REPORT 99
Camera and Character ... PICTURE STORY 131

Family Service Feature

The Month's Best ... ENTERTAINMENT 6
Going Away for Sport? ... TRAVEL 10
Skin Has No Sex ... BEAUTY AND HEALTH 14
For Those Bad Days ... FAMILY GUIDEPOST 16

Departments

Tales Out of School ... WITTICISMS 36
Jobs for Animals ... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 89
Grin and Share It ... HUMOR FOR EVERYONE 118

Cover

Dreams of Glory ... HOWARD FORSBERG

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. All undelivered copies should be returned to above address. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MONTH'S BEST...

STANLEY KRAMER

THIS MONTH, Coronet's guest reviewer is producer Stanley Kramer, who has made a career out of violating Hollywood traditions. In an industry that once spent money as though it were going out of fashion, he decrees long rehearsals before a foot of film is shot. His most significant contribution has been his departure from time-hallowed themes: the hero of *The Men* was a paraplegic; *The Sniper* dealt with a sex killer. Who, asked insiders, would pay to see a man make love from a wheel chair? The answer, of course, was millions of movie-goers. Now a prime figure in Hollywood, Kramer is still changing pace. In the offing: a fantasy, *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T*, and a romance, *The Fourposter*. For Coronet, he selects the two pictures below as the month's best:

WHERE'S CHARLEY?

THOUSANDS HAVE laughed at the Brandon Thomas stage farce, *Charley's Aunt*. Now Warner's has brought its musical version to the screen and the result is a delightful comedy, with song and dance. Ray Bolger, one of the great comedy dance artists of our time, reaches a new peak of brilliance.

THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD

IN BEAUTIFUL Technicolor, RKO-Radio and Walt Disney have restaged the oft-told story of the fabulous robber of Sherwood Forest. Their production is the finest yet. The story emerges fresh and exciting; the background music has been handled with distinction; and, without exception, the cast is superb.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

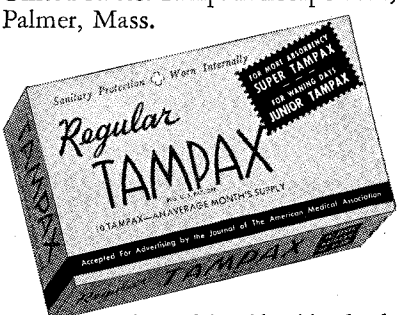
Which one does not use Tampax ?

The truth is: *nobody knows!* But you would be greatly surprised to find how many women *have* already adopted this modern form of sanitary protection. A lot of your best friends, too—married *and* single.

Tampax will really surprise you by the number of improvements it brings into your life. Take belts and pins, for instance. From now on you need not be bothered with any such devices (including external pads), because Tampax was specially designed by a physician to be *worn internally*. Also, with Tampax, there is no odor to contend with—and no chafing, no bulges under clothing.

The small size of each Tampax permits it to be contained in a slender applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. Best of all, *you cannot even feel it while wearing.* Made only of pure surgical cotton, Tampax is extremely absorbent and its compactness makes it easily disposable.

Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply may be carried in a purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

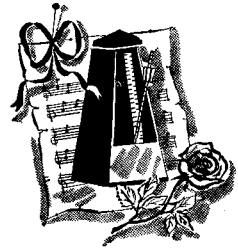


Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

♪ The Music Makers

Mr. Kostelanetz plays the words



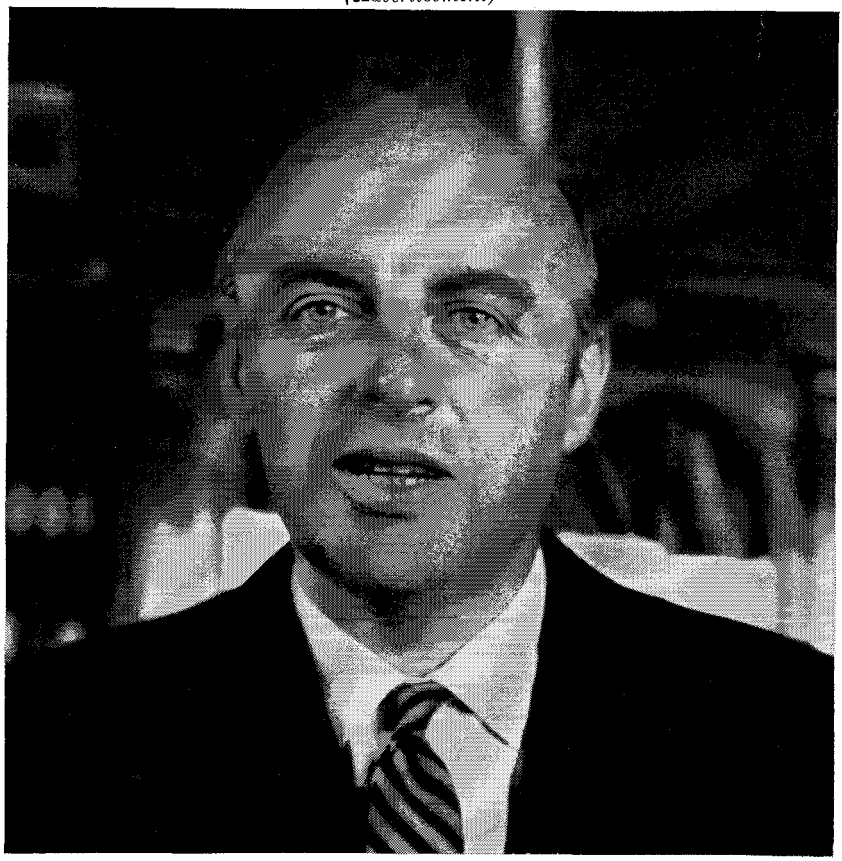
THERE'S PROBABLY not a minute of the day or night when an Andre Kostelanetz record isn't being played *somewhere*. To millions of citizens from Brooklyn to Bagdad, who have acquired the habit of listening, dining, dancing, reading or making love to Kostelanetz music, this will be a comforting thought. Kostelanetz, who plays Beethoven and Berlin with equal warmth and sympathy, is the only man whom the musical list-makers acknowledge as a distinct category of music. In a recent report on best-selling records, "Kostelanetz" appeared as a boldface heading along with "Symphonic," "Operatic," and "Popular." The other day, Columbia Records accountants were happy to note that the sale of Mr. Kostelanetz' records has exceeded the distinguished sum of twenty million copies. Assuming an average of three admirers per record, it is clear that a coalition of Kostelanetz fans could elect a President of the United States or populate a country the size of France. They might jolly well do so if the Maestro gave them the word, being a highly dedicated bunch. They include kings, queens, poets both rhyming and non-rhyming, at least one admiral, a crime-buster, and various other persons of substance including one notably well-built cinema star, who is said to have remarked: "His music is as good as a kiss."

We cornered Mr. K. in his Gracie Square penthouse last week and demanded an explanation of his popularity. He thought that pleasing sound might have something to do with it; also, new sound effects which he is able to get by regarding the microphone as a friend of the orchestra instead of a nuisance. But mostly, he thought, it was a matter of interpretation. "Whether we are playing Tchaikovsky's Romeo and Juliet or Stardust, we try to express the emotional meaning of the music. If a song is about stars, the night, and love, we make star sounds, night sounds, and love sounds. We play the words."

PLAYING the words is a strenuous career. "Kostelanetz works like a fiend at a recording session," said Columbia's recording director. "A *tactful* fiend," he added. "He's considerate of his musicians, but he sweats over every note until he gets what he wants. When we were recording Slaughter On Tenth Avenue, we needed the sound of a pistol shot. We fired 63 shots before he was satisfied. He likes to experiment with new sounds. You hear things on a Kostelanetz record you never heard before."

From one of his musical associates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



we got the most imaginative explanation of the Kostelanetz Effect. "Kosty," said this theorist, "has put the plush-lined American dream into sound. I listen to three bars, and right away I'm a successful young executive entertaining the Dream Girl in my penthouse. Another chorus and we're zipping along the Merritt Parkway in my white Jaguar. The moon is in the sky, the ermine is on the back of the seat, the yacht is at the mooring, and life is generally the nuts. That's the picture of American life Kosty paints—and twenty million records say it's true."

These Are My Newest
By Andre Kostelanetz

Romeo and Juliet • Tchaikovsky
Cuban Overture • Gershwin
Show Boat • Kern
An American in Paris • Gershwin

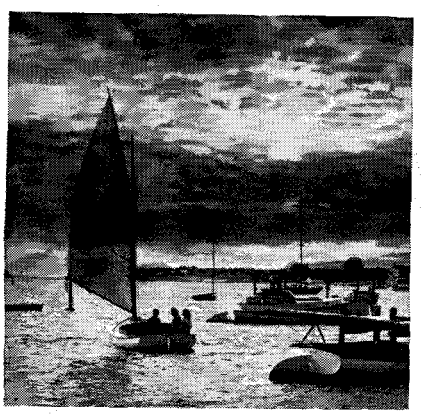
Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra record exclusively for *Columbia Records.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

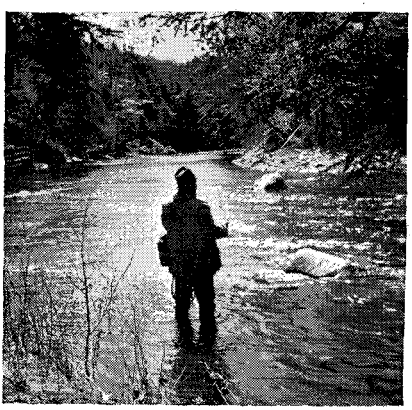
TRAVEL

Going Away for Sport?

Go on horseback or go on foot, but cover the trails that crisscross back and forth through some of the world's most spectacular scenic beauty: the Canadian Rockies. Hiking or riding, once you are in the mountain fastnesses, the cares of the city vanish, and there's brisk adventure every bit of the way.



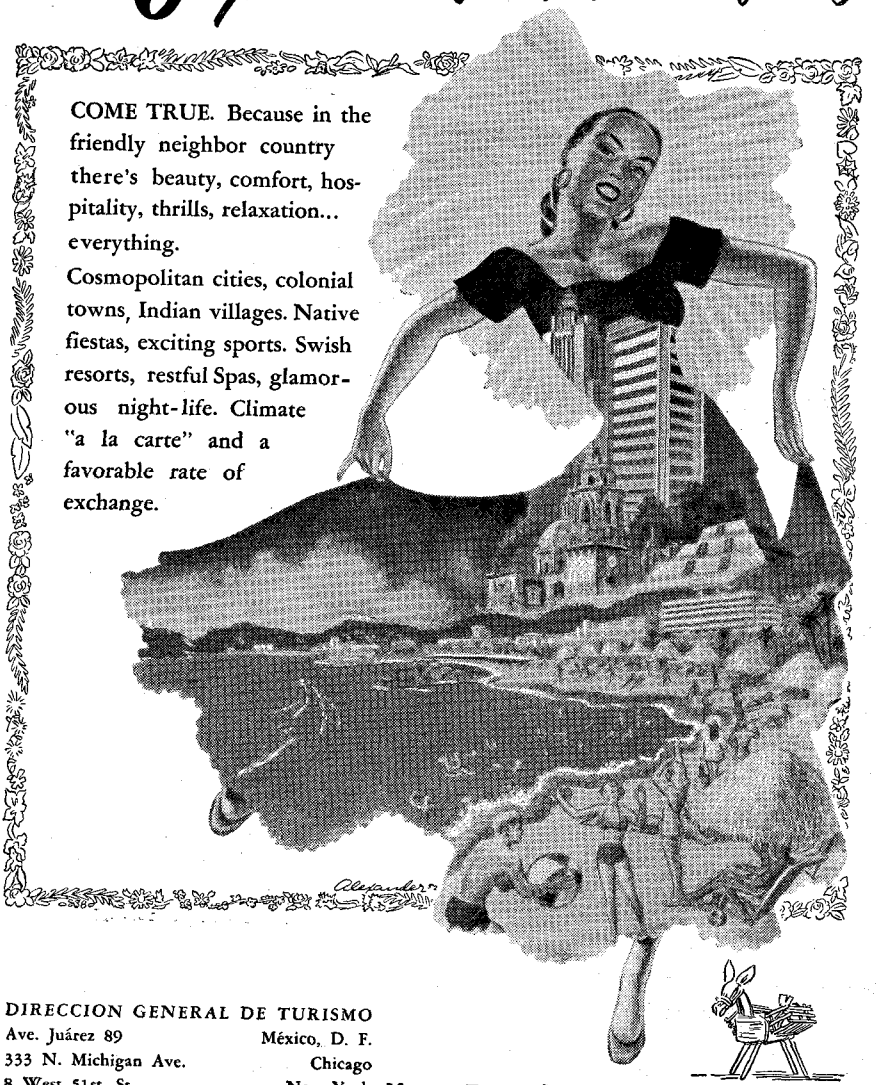
Breezes sweep the northeastern seacoast from dawn to dusk. For sailing blue waters or swimming in quiet inlets, New England is ideal in September.



Fish are biting in the Midwest. The lake and stream country comes alive with beauty, and fishermen cast their lines into a thousand sparkling waters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexico... a traveler's dream



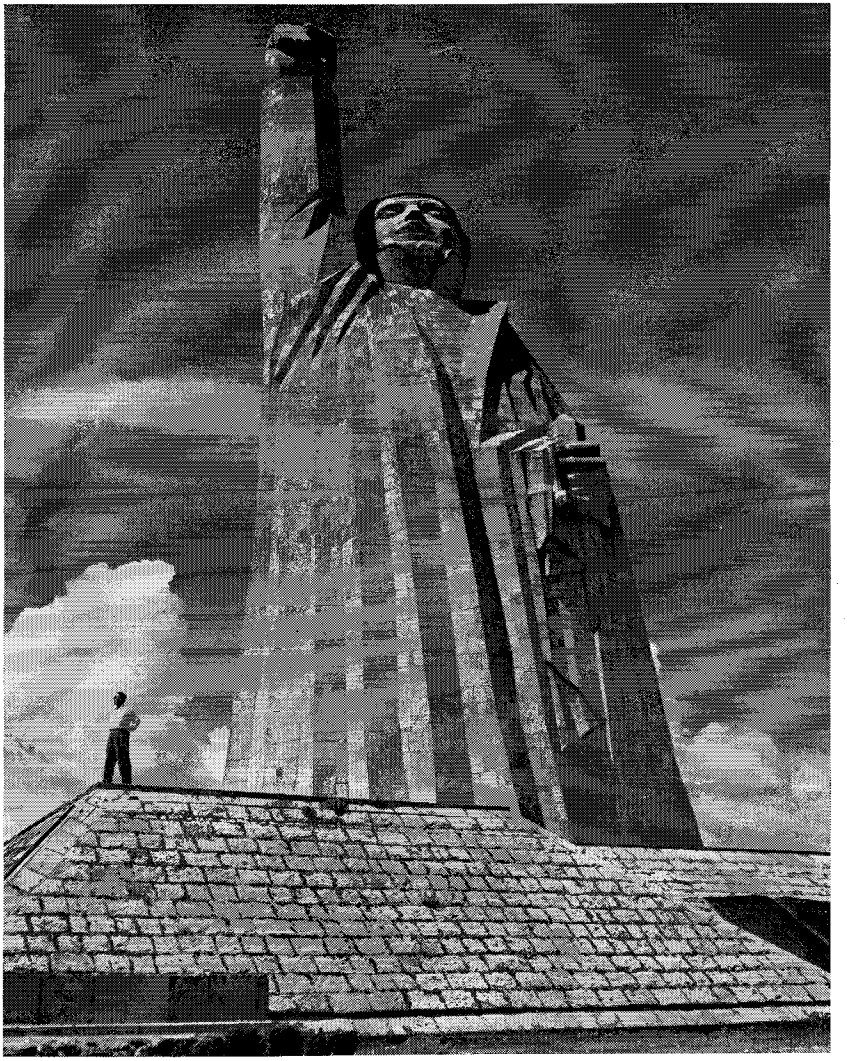
COME TRUE. Because in the friendly neighbor country there's beauty, comfort, hospitality, thrills, relaxation... everything.

Cosmopolitan cities, colonial towns, Indian villages. Native fiestas, exciting sports. Swish resorts, restful Spas, glamorous night-life. Climate "a la carte" and a favorable rate of exchange.

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Ave. Juárez 89 — México, D. F.
333 N. Michigan Ave. — Chicago
8 West 51st. St. — New York
511 East Sixth St. — Los Angeles

Your Travel Agent Will tell you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tribute to a Patriot

JOSÉ MORELOS is a Mexican legend. Almost 150 years ago, he fought the Spanish conquerors and bequeathed a deathless spirit to Mexico. In the great statue on Janitzio isle, that spirit lives on—symbol of strength to all Mexico.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nerves Can Ruin Love and Marriage

Read the New Book
"LIVING IN BALANCE,"
by Frank S. Caprio, M.D.

Frank S. Caprio, M.D.

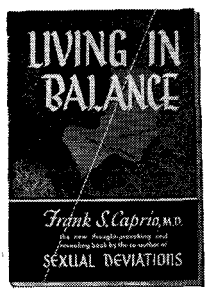
Member of the American Medical Association and American Psychiatric Association, internationally recognized authority in fields of psychiatry and psychoanalysis, co-author of "Sexual Deviations", outstanding writer for medical books and journals.

Are you unhappy? Do you sometimes feel physically fatigued? Are you mentally tired or distraught? Do you feel your marriage is completely happy?

It may well be that, like millions of others, you are the victim of a simple emotional conflict which is making you unhappy and keeping you from the full enjoyment of life. LIVING IN BALANCE is a book (excerpts appeared in last month's CORONET) WHICH MAY CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE. Here, at last, in ordinary layman's language is a straight-forward simply written psychological explanation of why you are unhappy and how you can help yourself! Profusely illustrated with case histories, world-famous Dr. Caprio can show you how to enjoy freedom and worry from domestic and business problems, escape from emotional conflicts in love affairs and sexual matters, and improve your health through proper thinking.

You owe it to yourself and your family to read this authoritative book. IT MAY CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE. Buy a copy at your bookstore today or slip the coupon in an envelope right now. Newfound happiness and freedom from worry can be yours!

PARTIAL CONTENTS:
Who Is a Normal Person?
Inferiority Complexes Arise From Self-Interest.
Nervous Fatigue.
Nervous Indigestion: Its Cause and Prevention.
Four Types of Neurotic Wives.
Four Types of Neurotic Husbands.
A Bad Marriage Can Become a Good Marriage.
Conquest of Fear.
Balanced Living After Fifty.
A Chart to Happiness.



The Arundel Press
P. O. Box 4233
Washington 12, D. C.

Enclosed please find $..... (3.75 per copy) for .....copy(ies) of LIVING IN BALANCE by Frank S. Caprio, M.D.

Name.....

Address.....

City .....

Your Bookstore (if any).....

City.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SKIN HAS NO SEX

MEN, NO LESS than women, are faced with the problem every Fall of dry skin—the residue of a once-glowing Summer sun tan. For men, the major concern may be comfort: sun-parched skin feels unpleasantly taut, sometimes itchy. For women, beauty may be of first importance: a fading tan looks blotchy, flaky and sallow. For both sexes, the transition from summer's casual sun tan to winter's well-groomed look can be smoothed by attention to these pointers:

Restore oils to your skin. Avoid drying products like alcohol-based lotions, mask-facials and astringents. Use instead a rich cream for cleansing, gentle massage for stimulating, tinted cream or lotion for making up.

Pay special attention to the lines around your eyes and that crinkled space on your forehead. Squinting in sunlight emphasizes any tendencies you may have to crow's feet and wrinkles, so add an extra measure of lubricating cream to these areas.

There's nothing "sissy" about the cream method of washing your face, and it's as good for men as for women. Rub cleansing cream into face with finger tips; wipe it off with a clean face cloth which has been dipped in warm water; rinse with cold water; pat dry.

If your arms and legs are leathery, if their tan is beginning to crack, use a body oil before you bathe, a bath oil or after-bath cream lotion before you start to dress.

For hands which need a little help getting back to the soft whiteness the poets talk about, there's a tinted hand cream which acts much like a make-up base. Smooth it on to camouflage unsightly patches, and use it often to help your skin regain its suppleness.

Bleach or cover up your "sun spots." Men may not want to go this far, but women will find that mild whiteners can help to even out a tan. The bathing-cap circle around your hairline, the ankle-sock line on your legs and the golf-glove look on your hand can all be blended into an over-all skin tone if whiteners are used judiciously.

Where bleaches fail, as with dark freckles and prominent strap marks, foundation creams succeed. One word of caution: you can't change your spots from copper-tan to pink-and-white overnight. Select a foundation and a powder which are just a shade or two lighter than your skin's present color; switch to lighter and lighter shades only as your tan fades. This way you will avoid a sallow, spotted look. Incidentally, men who use after-shave talc had better heed this "beauty" hint; for the time, dark-tinted powders are best.

Prevention is still the best cure for Fall skin problems, and few persons can stand unlimited exposure to the sun's rays. For what remains of this year's sun-bathing season, keep your skin oiled—particularly in wrinkle-prone areas—and your reconditioning job will be easier. —Bernice Johns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where's the orchestra?

It's on this "VICTROLA" 45 *phonograph!*

It's like having an orchestra *right in the room!* Music is richer, truer on distortion-free "45" records! Every note is brilliant, bell-clear!

The world's simplest, surest automatic record changer, "45" is the only record and changer specifically designed for each other!

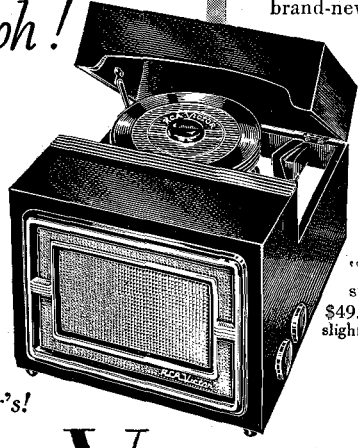
Records change from the *center*—the *modern* way!

As many as fourteen "45" records fit on the spindle! Up to an hour of music at the press of a button!

Easy-to-handle "45" records tuck away in a bookshelf!

Hear for yourself how wonderful music *can* sound . . . on "45"! And you've thousands of selections to choose from on 45 rpm records!

Campus bound? Take this brand-new "Victrola" 45 phonograph with you . . . and watch your popularity rating soar!



New "Victrola" 45 table phonograph. Has giant 8" speaker, "Golden Throat" tone system. Model 45EY4, $49.95 (suggested list price, slightly higher far West and South)

See it today . . . at your RCA Victor dealer's!

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Tmks. ®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMILY GUIDEPOST

For Those "Bad Days"

EVERYONE HAS A "bad day" now and then—a day of short temper, long face and supertouchiness. Sometimes it strikes without warning; before anyone knows that it is "only a mood," an innocent remark has been blown up to the proportions of a family crisis. Family harmony may still be off key long after the "mood" has passed.

But some such upsets are predictable and preventable: they arise out of a woman's menstrual period. Quite apart from any physical discomfort, menstruation often brings a feeling of depression or nervous tension. Both the woman and her husband should make allowances for this fact—that is, they should not take too seriously any temperamental flare-ups which occur.

Perhaps the greater responsibility is the husband's. He can ward off upsets where she can only apologize for them, after they have occurred. I would advise the wise husband to follow these simple precepts:

1. Keep track of the menstrual cycle, so you can be on guard. The low mood is apt to come on two or three days *before* menstruation begins.

2. Avoid conversation about her mood. Like a victim of seasickness who is told, "Forget it—it's all in your mind," your wife may react violently to any suggestion that she is not behaving normally. As for the children, instead of saying something like "Your mother doesn't feel well today," *distract* their attention. These are good days for preplanned activities away from home —good for you, good for a mother out of tune with childish exuberance and best in the long run for the children. Nothing could be worse than for your daughter to get the idea that menstruation is an "excuse" for bad temper or anything but a normal function of the healthy female body.

3. Help your wife maintain her normal routine during this period. She will feel better if she sticks to her usual schedule—exercise is good for her physically, and keeping busy is good for her mentally. But you can't expect her to adjust readily to "surprises." The unexpected guest and the "wonderful new puppy for the kids" will get a better reception some other time.

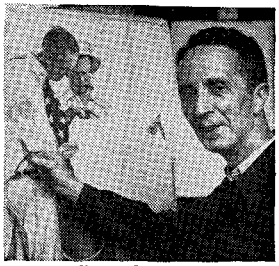
4. Avoid making major family decisions. Steer clear of controversial subjects, too. There is no worse time for a review of household expenses or a critique of the morning coffee. Your wife uses this same "technique" on you when you have off days. Take a leaf from her book of women's wiles and then you will side-step a lot of needless resistance to your plans and ideas.

5. Lend a hand—unobtrusively, if possible. All offers to help will be doubly appreciated during these days, but the best help is the quiet kind which does not make a point of the reason behind it.

6. Try a little tenderness. A woman can usually put up with anything if she knows that she is loved. If you show her that you love her even on her "bad days", you may soon find that they aren't so bad, after all!

DR. J. J. RANDEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Norman Rockwell

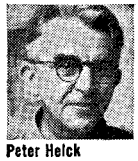
Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

Ben Stahl

Stevan Dohanos

Robert Fawcett



Peter Helck

Austin Briggs

Harold Von Schmidt

John Atherton

Fred Ludekens

Albert Dorne

"You can be a successful artist"

says NORMAN ROCKWELL

America's 12 Most Famous Artists, through an amazingly simple home-study plan, start you toward a Money-Making Art Career.

It's a dream come true for every man and woman, boy and girl who wants to draw and paint. America's twelve most famous artists have perfected a new, easy method by which you can prepare at home for an exciting, money-making art career. Their names are a roll call of today's most successful, highest-paid professional artists.

Reveal Studio Secrets in Famous Artists Course

Now these famous artists reveal their studio secrets and methods in the Famous Artists Course—24 fascinating lessons with simple step-by-step instruction and more than 7,000 drawings and sketches. Taking it is a thrilling experience. In the very first lesson you begin to make pictures.

This is your chance to make money in art—be well paid for what it's fun to do. Never was the demand so great. Advertising agencies, art studios, publishers, retail stores are all looking for artists trained as *only* these men can train you—for free-lance work, good paying positions.

First Step to Success—Send coupon for a handsome 32-page book telling all about the Famous Artists Course and the opportunities for a professional art career.

CLIP THIS COUPON—MAIL TODAY

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE

Studio 91-I, Westport, Connecticut

FREE Please tell me how I can be a successful artist... send me, without obligation, your illustrated booklet.

Mr. Mrs.
Miss ..... Age.....

Street.....

City, Zone, State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free Guide

"FORMULA FOR BETTER SLEEP." Tells what to look for—how to choose with confidence. See your dealer, or write Spring-Air.

No *one* mattress can supply proper rest for all body types. A mattress must "fit" the user's weight and build to be comfortable. That's why Spring-Air offers models in five different support values . . . *one* 'specially for you! See your Spring-Air dealer now.

SPRING-AIR COMPANY, Dept. 924, Holland, Mich.

© 1952

BE RIGHT . . . REST RIGHT . . . WAKE UP FRESH AS SPRING AIR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coronet Vol. 32, No. 5. September, 1952
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

My Home Town

by BARBARA BLACK

I'M GLAD I LIVE in a small town. This is where I work and eat and sleep and pursue my trivial small-town hobbies.

This is my town, nestled in a great bend in the river, its narrow streets lined with trees, its uptown buildings gray with the snow, rain, fog and sun of almost 150 years. A tall old brick mansion houses the public library, and the schools are gray with wear except for a new addition here and there.

The marquee of our one movie is big enough and bright enough to attract attention of our townsfolk, and inexpensive enough to match our small-town purses at least once a week. We even have a place called "Mortgage Hill." That is what the lesser folk call the street the "moneyed" people live on. And yes, we have our wrong side of the tracks, too.

If one cared to look long enough, I suppose one could find a lot of things wrong with our town, but to me it's the place that houses all those familiar faces that I see on the street, and all those familiar places I like to visit. To me, it's carefree because in the back of my head lies the secret thought that I can walk a mile in any direction and find myself in a cornfield or along some shaded brook.

I sometimes think that this fact is what brings a sense of happiness to small-town folk. It's all familiar to me, including the thought that I can get away from it if I want to. But I suppose the most important thing about our town is the fact that here is where my loved ones live. Here is the side street, the tiny house and the yard I call home.

We all get bored with it sometimes, and I've heard a lot of friends say that they would like to move to a big city where there is "something to do." Bright night spots and $50 meals hold a fascination for all of us, and we catch ourselves dreaming of big city life, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way we read about it in books. And occasionally some of us do leave. Like Herb.

Herb runs a little hamburger place I like to visit because the food is good and the conversation pleasant. If no one else is around, Herb is always interested in what you are doing these days. But Herb left town about a year ago. He went to a big city.

Of course, he had a lot of well-wishers when he left, and after he had gone the place didn't seem the same. Even the juke box sounded different. Then, a few months ago, things came back to normal. Herb had come home. Some of us don't come back, but some, like Herb, just can't make the adjustment to big-city life.

My closest association with a big town was a few years ago, when I had to make a weekly trip to a dentist in a city south of here. The dentist's office was on the twelfth floor of the tallest building, right in the heart of the downtown section. The concrete seemed endless, the people too hurried, the streets too wide and noisy. In summer it seemed 20 degrees hotter and in winter it seemed 10 degrees colder than my town.

Its big-city smell was alien, and it made me ill at ease. But I found a spot of pleasure there. One summer day I walked past the library, with its big statue painted green by the strokes of weather, and found a bed of geraniums in full bloom. The trees in the lawn had sprung into the first full dark green of summer, and the grass was exhaling a sigh of sweet fragrance.

An old man was sitting on a bench feeding pigeons, and I remember thinking how strange it was that this old man was the only one in this vast city who felt akin to this place as I did. Perhaps it held a breath of home for him, too. It made me think that even in New York, one can still see the sky, even if a tree or a geranium bed is rare, and I wondered how many New Yorkers ever stop to look up.

MY HOME-TOWN street is only two blocks long, but nestled side by side along its short but quiet length are little houses with big back yards, all of them at least 40 miles from the nearest night club. Yes, we are pretty far away from "something to do," but our street fills with life with the coming of spring, and suspense reaches its highest pitch at our house when last year's robin comes back to the peach tree.

When a stranger asks me, "What do you do in this town for excitement?" I haven't much to say. I would feel foolish explaining to him the simple joy we find in last year's robin and the mere coming home from work each day to a tiny house with a big back yard . . . to petunias lining the walk . . . to the old red garage half-covered with morning glories . . . to the long fence bordered with hollyhocks, flags, poppies and tiny wild strawberries.

I would find it hard to explain the peace that comes over me when I see the garden hose wrapped in long loops over the faucet at the side of the house . . . to see the cherries go from snowy blossom to deep red fruit . . . to see the poor old peach tree bloom only with tender green leaves. It would be hard to explain that even in winter,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when snow is deep on the steps and the sun hides from the cold, that there is joy here.

I wonder if the stranger would understand the sweet pleasure I find as I look out my window at our quiet street, and hear birds singing high up there in the old oak tree, and the boy next door laughing while his fluffy puppy chews at his heels. I wonder if the stranger would understand if I told him that I was glad I lived in this town, not so much for the town itself . . . its people . . . its gray old buildings . . . its schools with steps worn hollow by the small feet of generations past and present . . . but for the side street that I call mine . . . the tiny house which shields me from cold and snow, rain and heat . . . the long back yard wherein I find my secret pleasures, and my "something to do."

I wonder if the stranger would understand if I told him that I didn't care the slightest that I had lived 24 years without ever seeing a real diamond necklace, a movie star in person, and that I didn't know a soul who owned a Cadillac. I wonder if he could understand the joy that was in my child's heart that summer long ago, when I ran down the street at four in the morning clad only in pajamas, to watch the sun come up.

These are the things I love and understand about my town, and somehow I know the stranger could never feel quite the same way about them as I do. And I know in my heart that if he told me all the little joys of his big city life, it would work just the other way around. I wouldn't feel the same about them —not the way he would.

And so, when he asks, "What do you do in this town for excitement?" I look bored for his sake, and answer, "Oh, I don't know." And when he asks, "How do you stand it?" I always answer, for *his* sake . . . "Sometimes I wonder."

Overheard in Passing

Comment by a young desperado of the neighborhood: "Aw, my gun is better than yours. Mine sharpens pencils." —J. E. Williams

Lady visitor at a gladiolus show in New York to her companion as they stared solemnly at an apricot Arethusa: "Look very closely, Nellie. That's the color of the nail polish I was telling you about." —Andrew Meredith

Customer to waiter: "Hurry with my order, please, I've got to catch a train tomorrow."—Bertha Sulman

A girl telling her escort: "Let's walk home. I'm too tired to get into a cab with you." —Earl Wilson

Woman driver to traffic cop: "Does this summons cancel the one I got this morning?" —*Cape Argus*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEE-SPLITTING DOCTORS:

Menace to Health

by ARCH J. BEATTY, M.D.

An aroused public is helping medical men to stop a dangerous racket

YEARS AGO, Elbert Hubbard observed: "There's another advantage of being poor—a doctor will cure you faster."

If the unpleasant truth must be told—and it's time it was—many people today are being *made* poor by unnecessarily exorbitant surgical charges, and even by unnecessary operations, resulting from a sinister and spreading medical racket.

That racket is fee-splitting—an under-the-counter deal in which the surgeon buys his patients in order to perform surgery upon them, and in which fees from these operations are split between the surgeon and the referring physician without the patient's knowledge.

The medical profession has long condemned fee-splitting as highly unethical. Yet back in 1944, the Moreland Commission in New York reported: "Kickbacks ranging from 15 to 50 per cent were paid to more than 3,000 physicians in New York, Kings, Queens and Bronx counties alone."

Testimony showed that doctors demanded kickbacks, or fee-splitting, not only from surgeons but also from opticians, and even from laboratories to which they had referred patients.

Has there been any change in this situation? Honest doctors must admit—and increasingly they do admit—that fee-splitting is a common practice in many communities.

I came in contact with this vicious racket shortly after I set up surgical practice in a large Midwestern city some two years ago. I had graduated from medical school in 1940, interned, served four and a half years in the Army and then taken four more years of surgery residency.

After securing my specialty rating as a surgeon from the American Board of Surgery, I made the rounds of my classmates and Army acquaintances and told them I was ready for business. Soon there followed a number of referrals from these classmates and friends. But usually after just one or two referrals, many of these physicians stopped sending me further patients because I refused to kick back.

I noticed that the men with the big surgical practices in the city were still buying their cases after 25 to 30 years. In fact, one of our most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

renowned surgeons—he has even held official positions in medical circles—was a notorious fee-splitter who grabbed each graduating interne in the city's hospitals and bid for his surgery cases!

Fee-splitting can be a simple arrangement in which the surgeon kicks back as much as half his fee to the referring doctor. Or a subterfuge may be used in which the referring physician acts as an assistant at the operation. Presumably this helps salve the consciences of both physician and surgeon, although the assistance of the physician may be extremely limited.

"Ghost surgery" is another form of the evil racket. Here, the patient is told by a general practitioner that an operation is necessary and is led to believe that the practitioner will perform it. Instead, without the patient's knowledge, a surgeon is hired to step in after the anesthesia is administered, do the operation, then step out again.

Now, surgery is a skill and a science that goes beyond the use of a scalpel. It includes knowing the indications for surgery, preparing the patient properly for it (often a life-saving matter) and caring for him afterward. But the ghost surgeon has nothing to do with any of this. The patient gets very little of what he is paying for.

Whatever form fee-splitting takes, it means higher charges for the patient—all too commonly up to double the price. And, as Dr. Dean A. Clark declared before a meeting of the American Public Health Association a few years ago: "The result of hidden fee-splitting, naturally, is that the physician may be tempted to refer patients more frequently than is medically necessary if a sizable split is in the offing and, what is equally bad, to send his cases to the doctor or laboratory who gives the biggest kickback, rather than the one professionally competent to handle the case."

In other words, high costs for what may be less than the best surgery! And sometimes even for unnecessary surgery!

Last summer, in his chairman's address before the Section on Surgery, at the 100th Annual Session of the American Medical Association, Dr. I. S. Ravdin, one of the country's outstanding surgeons, dealt forthrightly with the question:

"It is frequently asked by patients and their families, 'Is an operation necessary?' They have every right to ask this question. It is also asked frequently by thoughtful physicians and surgeons when they look at the schedules of operations in certain of our hospitals. What are all these operations for chronic appendicitis, non-calculous cholecystitis (inflammation of the gall bladder where there are no gallstones present) and abdominal adhesions being done for?

"Are the organs which are being removed causing any of the symptoms which have brought the patient to the surgeon? Are not the adhesions at times due to a previous operation which in reality was not justified?

"The removal of an appendix for burning pain in the abdomen will too often be followed by an operation for adhesions in six months or a year, and then by a cholecystectomy and another operation for adhesions. Most of these operations are unnecessary, for the symptoms

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the patients present are psychosomatic in origin. Operation does not cure them."

Last December, at another meeting of the AMA, a surgeon from Beverly Hills, California, spoke out on the same subject. He had made a study of operations performed on 546 women in the Los Angeles area in a single year. One or both ovaries had been removed in each operation, even though they turned out to be normal or nearly normal.

Many operations were performed despite the fact that the ailments were minor and temporary. No symptoms were recorded in 47 of the case histories. In 39 cases, the diagnoses were "nebulous."

Fear of cancer is responsible for some of these operations. And some are the result of honestly mistaken diagnoses. But, in my opinion, many such operations are performed to pad the doctor's bill.

Publicly, the medical profession has always condemned fee-splitting as highly unethical. The American College of Surgeons requires all members to sign a pledge that they will not split fees and that they will not accept as members those physicians who are known to do so. To become a member of most hospital staffs, one must agree never to practice fee-splitting or any other unethical arrangement. In about one half of the states, fee-splitting is illegal, and a doctor who is discovered engaging in the practice may lose his license, and in some cases may be fined heavily or even imprisoned.

That law, however, is enforced very seldom. And all too rarely has medicine itself, through medical societies and the American College of Surgeons, attempted a thorough job to end fee-splitting.

The practice, of course, is difficult to uncover. Nevertheless, it isn't long before doctors in hospitals know who are and who are not the fee-splitting surgeons. And while concrete evidence against such men is often difficult to secure, all too frequently doctors who do have evidence have hesitated to bring charges. They have had a kind of head-in-the-sand attitude, fearful that calling attention to such practices would bring discredit upon the whole medical profession.

Today, however, there is an increasing tendency to bring the practice into the open and fight it. The speech by Dr. Ravdin, at the American Medical Association convention was a ringing one which frankly challenged the medical profession, to (1) stop the overcharging of patients; (2) eliminate needless operations; and (3) halt fee-splitting.

"We shudder," Dr. Ravdin told his fellow medical men, "when we read in our papers about the kickbacks in industry and the five percenters. Yet I wonder if each of us is lacking at times in social consciousness when we turn our backs on this iniquitous practice in surgery."

This kind of frank speaking out in public represents a considerable change in attitude.

Maj. Gen. Paul R. Hawley, director of the American College of Surgeons and one of the leaders in the fight against fee-splitting, wrote me recently:

"This problem must be attacked at its grass roots in each community. All the talk in the world will not stop unethical practices. I hope most devoutly that we can go much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

further than talk in this campaign to stop not only fee-splitting, but excessive and unreasonable fees, and unnecessary surgery.

"As you know, the difficulty is in obtaining evidence of fee-splitting. I hope to be able to encourage good doctors to give us some evidence. I shall be able to promise them faithfully that their privacy will be protected and that their names will never be revealed."

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, too, has stepped into the picture. Formerly, some doctors regarded fee-splitting kickbacks as legitimate tax deductions. They did so because the practice is not illegal in many states, and is customary in many other businesses and professions. Lawyers, for instance, have what they call a "forwarding fee," considered perfectly ethical.

But last year, the Bureau quietly told local agents that split fees or kickbacks are non-deductible on the tax return of the doctor paying them and are taxable as income to the doctor receiving them.

This change in attitude has had its effect. One of the first men to be caught by the new ruling was a surgeon whose tax return for one recent year listed a deduction of more than $7,000 paid in kickbacks. Last fall, when Internal Revenue men went over his returns, the $7,000 deduction was disallowed as being "against public policy."

The surgeon is worried not merely about this deduction. All told over the years, he has about $25,000 in split-fee deductions in question and his liability in back taxes may exceed $10,000.

As an article in *Medical Economics* for December, 1951, points out, ethical violations may be sharply reduced by this new ruling. "If that's how things are going," the surgeon is quoted as saying, "I've paid my last commission. Any doctor who splits fees from now on is courting bankruptcy."

There may be a legal question as to whether the Revenue Bureau can squelch fee-splitting by making it unprofitable. But it *can* be stopped otherwise, and on January 1, 1946, it *was* stopped almost overnight in Columbus, Ohio, by a very practical and workable system. The surgeons of that city formed a society, agreed not to split fees and initiated a simple procedure to see that everyone concerned cooperated fully.

Their system requires that all participating members turn their books over to a certified public accountant at the end of each year. To put more teeth into the system, the Collector of Internal Revenue was invited to participate. If a surgeon wished to conceal split-fees by leaving them out of his return, he would be guilty of income-tax evasion, a penitentiary offense.

Similar steps have been taken elsewhere, according to Dr. Hawley. In a few other cities, both the medical staffs and governing boards of hospitals have agreed to require a statement from a recognized accountant who has audited the books of a staff doctor, to the effect that there is no evidence of fee-splitting during the past year. This will be required each year before reappointments to the staff are made.

An informed and aroused public can also aid in putting an end to fee-splitting. One obvious step is to make it illegal in your state, if it is not already so, with stiff penalties

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for transgressors. Such laws are more likely to work today, as physicians increasingly are recognizing that it is in the best interest of medicine and the public to obey them.

A second step is to encourage the establishment in your community of a system similar to that which worked in Columbus to minimize fee-splitting and, along with it, unnecessary operations.

YOU CAN TAKE a third step, too, by attacking a basic cause of fee-splitting. More and more medical authorities have been speaking out recently against the all too common practice of charging all the traffic will bear.

While this is not limited to surgery, as one doctor declared recently at a public-relations conference held by the American Medical Association, "largely, that is the area in which doctors are given, at times deservedly, a black eye.

"In my opinion, no doctor can deserve that dignified title who charges any person more than one month's income (after taxes) for any type of operation.

"If that simple rule is followed and the operating physician explains to the patient what is included in the fee, there will be fewer than 1/10th of one per cent complaints by patients."

A recent report by the American College of Surgeons recognized that the general practitioner, who is customarily the referring physician, frequently does not get proper recompense for his initial role in taking care of the patient, and strongly urged that surgeons emphasize to the patient the great value of good medical judgment in making the original diagnosis, and carrying out preliminary medical treatment.

It stated further: "The surgeons should be educated to the fact that the fee should be limited to the patient's ability to pay, and the amount determined, in part, by other medical expenses. Frank discussion with the patient before services are rendered is also highly desirable."

If your family doctor suggests that you need surgery, discuss the matter of fees with him—and with the surgeon. Discuss it frankly. Find out what you're paying for. Discuss whether the fees are equitable for family doctor, surgeon and you.

And if you suspect malpractice, you can take your grievance—and should—to the county medical society's grievance committee. More and more, such committees today are actually advertising their existence to the public and urging that complaints be filed with them so that they can correct abuses.

Forward-looking medical leaders are increasingly concerned with wiping out the vicious practice of fee-splitting. And fortunately for the public, there is much that the patient himself can do to help them clean house—and keep it clean.

A sleeping pill will never take the place of a clear conscience. —EDDIE CANTOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What New Religion?

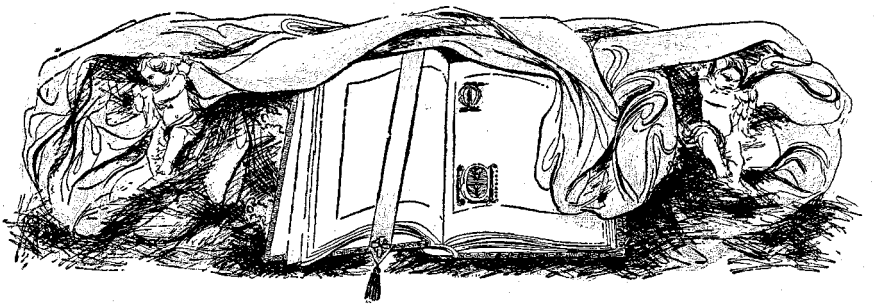
by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

A FEW YEARS AGO, into the wilds of my Carolina plantation country came a young Negro minister who was reported to have a new and radical doctrine—a kind of spiritual New Deal. He was very popular with the younger people, who thronged to hear him. Being in some doubt as to the soundness of this newcomer's philosophy, I questioned old Anthony Lee, a plantation sage, about him, inquiring especially why the younger generation seemed so taken with him.

"Those young people," he explained, his eyes glinting with the lights of ancient wisdom, "don't really want religion. What they love is to have somebody tell them how they can sin and be happy."

Perhaps the implication here is far deeper and wider than is at first apparent. For it suggests that many a new religion, philosophy or political theory has as its real purpose a relaxation in moral standards.

In recent years we have seen in our own country a sad relapse in the hardihood of our morale due to the teaching that if you do not work, the Government will take care of you; to the teaching that you will be paid for not planting crops. Such a doctrine really means that you can loaf and be happy. But it was not in this way that our Nation achieved her dignity and her might.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollywood's Greatest Lover

by GRADY JOHNSON

Forty years after his Romeo roles on the silent screen, Francis X. Bushman is still hoping to make a big comeback

ONE SPRING MORNING in 1913, a long, custom-built roadster painted purple and gold halted in front of a State Street department store in Chicago. Its passenger, a lithe young film actor wearing spats and a bowler hat, stepped jauntily to the sidewalk and bared a shock of light wavy hair to cheers from pedestrians.

Within ten minutes, several hundred persons were pressed around the car whose doors bore the name, Francis X. Bushman, and whose blasé chauffeur wore lavender livery. Shoving to get inside the store to see him, the crowd broke a glass window. Inside, a counter was turned over, scattering merchandise. Women fainted. Salesgirls left their posts and shoplifters helped themselves to anything in sight.

Such was the popularity of the man whom millions of motion-picture fans came to know as "King of the Movies" and the "handsomest man in the world." As the flickers' first great lover, he earned and squandered as much as a million dollars in a year, and wore amethysts as big as golf balls. His famous profile was seen in 424 films, more than any other Hollywood actor ever made, and his superb physique was committed to canvas and to statuary by world-famous artists.

Because public love-making was new, it offered a vicarious thrill to the masses. Every woman could secretly imagine Bushman's kisses were for her. For seven years his flickering shadow alienated the affections of wives and sweethearts the world over.

Then the truth came out. Bushman was married and had five children! This was revealed when his wife divorced him. Bushman married his leading lady, Beverly Bayne, three days later. He had been "unfaithful" to millions. Fan mail, which came in truckloads and required 18 secretaries, increased mountainously for a few days while irate women showered invective on his handsome head. Then it disappeared. The man of universal popularity went into eclipse.

Today, at 69, thrice-married, once bankrupt, Francis Xavier Bushman, virtually forgotten by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industry and fans, lives in a small bungalow near the elegant homes of currently popular Hollywood folk. Yet he dreams, like most old-timers, of a comeback. "Not stardom, but a chance to earn a living as a character actor."

Prayer, he believes, will bring this. A couple of years ago, 20th Century-Fox flew the still-agile one-time weight lifter to its Arizona location of Darryl Zanuck's *David and Bathsheba*, dressed him ironically as a king, put him before the cameras for four hours, and had him home the next morning very pleased over another reprieve from oblivion. He vowed he would have a tribute carved on his tombstone to Zanuck, "who twice brought me back from the dead."

The producer had resurrected him eight years earlier to portray Bernard M. Baruch in the film, *Wilson*. Now, he cast him as bearded King Saul in the Old Testament love story of King David and the woman, Bathsheba.

"Great Lover" Bushman's part was limited to egging on the giant, Goliath, against young David's sling, and was in further contrast to out-of-town trips he made in the days when actors measured them in gallons, not days. In Rome, playing the chariot-racing Messala in *Ben Hur* in 1924, he vehemently denied the ridiculous charge that he drank 12 quarts of champagne a day. Legends about his alleged libertinism, he says, repeatedly forced him to deny to interviewers that he was a dope fiend and a rapist.

Those legends may well have resulted from his own boasting. He used to say he had smoked at 7, run away from home once at 8, gone to bars at 13, married at 18 and become a successful actor at 22.

Feminine madness over him developed early, too. In Camden, N. J., a friend saved his life from a gun-toting husband by telling him Bushman wasn't in the theater. The handsome juvenile of the Temple Stock company, now father of several children, thereupon sneaked back to his dressing room, only to find two teen-age girls there.

"They said they couldn't live without me," he relates with a twinkle, "and had decided to share my affections." He says he threw them out so fast they wept.

He was still trying to live up to the great-lover role long after he was on the way down. Desperate for a break in 1931, he hit upon a publicity stunt to advertise a movie in Chicago. He would auction himself off to the highest female bidder, who would marry him and keep him in the style to which he had become accustomed. Newspaper feature writers had a field day.

When his fabulous Baltimore estate, "Bushmanor," was sold in settling finances with his first wife, his mother wrote regarding the auction: "When the picnickers and curiosity seekers had gone home, Frank, the lawns were white with your love letters."

BUSHMAN'S POPULARITY was a social phenomenon approached only by the bobby-sox squealing over Frank Sinatra a few years ago. Some say that, like Wallace Reid and Valentino after him, he fanned the latent spark of emancipation in American women which burst into flame in the '20s with cigarettes, gin, wild parties and liberal views on sex.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bushman was born in 1883 in Baltimore, ninth of 12 children of Mary and John Henry Bushman, a prosperous traveling salesman. He attended parochial school and, spasmodically, Ammendale High School. He ran away with a circus as a child and carried water to the elephants until his parents found him and took him home.

In his teens, he was haunting Baltimore theaters for jobs as "super," or extra. He joined a stock company as a bit player, journeying eventually to New York.

By the time Bushman went to Chicago in 1911 to make movies, he was already a popular leading man. His early pictures were necessarily crude. Two- and three-reel films were shot in as many days. Because the pictures were silent, paper-thin walls separated roofless, sun-drenched sets on which would be filmed at the same time gun-firing Westerns, pie-throwing comedies and soulful romantic dramas.

"It was hard to kiss a girl while guns were going off in the next room," Bushman recalls. Before long he was demanding quiet on his sets, and introducing "mood music" to his acting.

Unable to afford expensive sets, Essanay, the Chicago film company he worked for, often stole shots of the homes of wealthy Chicagoans. Once when an estate owner forbade the company to shoot his house, a cameraman, secreted in a truck, shot through a peephole at Bushman and Beverly Bayne strolling up its front walk. After the shot the actors ran like Halloween pranksters. Next day the cameras picked them up, coming through a front door on Essanay's set.

Apparently Bushman's films were good for their time, because George K. Spoor, the "S" of Essanay, used to rent them for five times what other pictures brought. Once Bushman interrupted his film schedule to go on a personal-appearance tour, which saw crowds pushing down ticket offices and doors to get in and leaving so much money at the box offices that his manager had difficulty banking it.

"We'd make our deposits in the next town and the banks thought we were robbers," he says. "We had to wire ahead to tell them how much we were bringing."

In 1915, Bushman moved on to Hollywood, where actors took their publicity perhaps more seriously than they do today. In popularity contests there was honor and prestige. The contest to select a "King of the Movies," for instance, found Bushman and Mack Sennett the leading candidates, and both quietly confident when they bumped into each other at a tailor's shop where both were giving advance orders for purple ermine robes.

A few years later the same papers were referring to Bushman as the "Valentino of his day." He was through. His divorce, which involved today's innocuous charge of "cruelty," was viewed as juicy scandal. With studios unwilling to take a chance on him, Bushman went on an extensive vaudeville tour with his new wife. For 38 hectic weeks they toured in *The Master Thief*, with creditors and reporters shadowing him at every stage door.

When business hit bottom, Bushman became his own press agent, announcing to the papers that he, "the master thief," would pick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pockets in crowds at ticket offices. The stunt backfired when real pickpockets showed up and he was unable, as arranged, to return every article "stolen."

For two years more, Bushman and Bayne toured in the ironically titled *Poor Rich Man*, then in a picture *Modern Marriage*, featuring a live sequence which they played out on stage in the middle of the film.

During the Los Angeles run of this show an incident occurred which, Bushman feels, closed the door on an imminent screen comeback. A film executive who later was to become one of the most influential in Hollywood sent his card backstage. Bushman's newly hired valet, not realizing the man's importance, told him that the actor didn't want to see him. The man took it as a public insult.

Two years later, when Bushman returned from Italy, jubilant over his "comeback" role in *Ben Hur*, he found the man a power in Hollywood. "Directors would send me scripts to read, asking me to do parts, but always someone would call back next day, asking me to return them," he says ruefully. "He got his revenge."

Bushman was broke again at 46, the stock-market crash of 1929 having taken everything he had been able to salvage from his second divorce. Moving on to Chicago, scene of his triumph some 20 years before, Bushman landed a $500-a-week radio job. For a time he thought that he was on the way up again. Then his sponsor dropped the program.

Homesick for Hollywood, he went back there in 1940. His fine speaking voice won him occasional roles on radio, a part in the film *Wilson*, and—eight long, heartbreaking years later—a chance for a comeback in *David and Bathsheba*.

Shortly after finishing *David and Bathsheba*, he went on a personal appearance tour of 27 cities advertising it and, incidentally, himself.

"This was the most glorious thing that ever happened to me in show business," he says of the grueling 34,000-mile trip. "Why, it seemed I was more popular than 30 years ago. Everywhere I went, newspapermen and theater operators said mine would be the biggest comeback in movie history."

A year later this had not quite come to pass. He played a bit in Gene Autry's *Apache Country* and recently finished a pivotal role in MGM's *Tribute to a Bad Man* with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas and Dick Powell, reading a eulogy before an open grave to a ruthless motion-picture producer featured in the story. There was irony in the role—his first on the MGM lot in 27 years—because, he says, "I've had enemies like that."

Marking time while pruning roses in his little Pacific Palisades backyard, Bushman still has hopes of big things. "To wish is to pray," he says. "The good Lord is my agent and manager now."

We all have the power to ridicule, but do we have the right? —J. Russell Quinn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finding Happiness in an Ordinary Career

by THE REV. JAMES GORDON GILKEY

(Minister of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.)

SUPPOSE IN YOUR more candid moments you realize that you are obscure rather than prominent, insignificant rather than notable. Can you still be happy? Can you discover satisfactions in your admittedly small world?

Of course you can! Other people, millions of them, have won this victory: you too can win it. Day by day, remind yourself of certain significant facts.

First: nearly everyone has an ordinary career. The group which wins distinction is extremely small. Consider these figures:

In my college class there are now about 500 men, all of them middle-aged. How many of them were, are or ever will be famous? How many will be even known one century hence? A superoptimist would not put the number above ten. Thus, as far as that group is concerned, the proportion of distinguished individuals is one in 50.

Turn now to a larger group. In my city there are now about 160,000 people, of whom perhaps 85,000 can be classed as adults. How many of the 85,000 have attained anything which even approximates fame? A recent issue of *Who's Who* contained the names of only 48 people from Springfield, Mass.—46 men and two women. As far as Springfield is concerned, the proportion of distinguished citizens seems to be one in 1,770.

Consider now an even larger group—the human race as a whole. Recently a writer made this statement: "Since the dawn of recorded history, about 30,000,000,000 human beings have been born. From the point of view of historians, only about 5,000 of them have distinguished themselves." Here the proportion of distinguished individuals seems to be one in 6,000,000.

You say your career has been an ordinary one? That you've reached middle life and gained no semblance of fame? Then yours is the usual situation.

Now mark this second fact: personal distinction is always a relative thing. In comparison with some of the people about you, you are not distinguished. But strangely enough,

From *Here Is Help For You*, by James Gordon Gilkey. Copyright, 1951, and published by The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in comparison with others you are. Whether we seem important or unimportant depends entirely on the individuals with whom we are compared.

If you make the mistake of comparing yourself habitually with the few distinguished individuals in your college class, your profession or your generation, your life will seem unendurably insignificant and your self-esteem will drop to zero. But if you are wise enough to compare yourself only with the individuals whose life situation bears some *reasonable resemblance to your own*, then you will maintain within yourself enough assurance to keep going.

HERE IS A THIRD FACT we ordinary people must bear in mind: it is always possible to picture our career in high terms rather than low ones. If we do so, the work we are doing promptly acquires significance and therefore interest. As it acquires them, we find ourselves not merely willing to do our work but proud we have received the chance to do so.

You wonder what I mean by picturing a career in "high terms"? Consider these two situations.

Some time ago a paper manufacturer was talking with his minister. To the minister's surprise he said, "Every time I see mothers carrying home food which is wrapped in clean paper, I thank God I'm in the paper business. It's a service calling, just as the ministry is. Think of the children who are healthy because an article I produce enables their mothers to get bread and meat home clean. I'm as proud of my work as a minister is of his."

Obviously that manufacturer might have pictured his tasks in low terms. He might have told himself he was working day after day in a noisy mill, doing nothing more important than extracting a few dollars of profit from an unsuspecting community. But this manufacturer was wise enough to picture his work in high terms, and as he did so a new and priceless sense of significance came to him. From that sense of significance grew happiness, satisfaction and power.

Or study the young parents who, in spite of the dreary routine of housework and child care, still find the task of rearing children thrilling. What is it that gives them the feeling their career is significant? It is their habit of picturing their work in high terms rather than low ones.

Yes: they are doing something more important than tying the children's shoes, drying the children's tears, arbitrating the children's quarrels. They are training boys and girls who may someday be the builders of a better world.

When you have recalled these facts—familiar and obvious but enormously important psychologically—you will be ready to undertake a new self-discipline. Begin each day by reminding yourself of the satisfactions which lie hidden within every honorable career, even a career as ordinary as yours. What, now, are they?

One is the satisfaction which comes to an individual when he does skillfully the work he is fitted to do. That piece of work may be inherently unimpressive, but the mere act of doing it well brings intense satisfaction. That satisfaction is in part the thrill of fine craftsmanship, in part the joy of self-expres-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion. In combination those two things bring an intense happiness.

Think, for example, of the college friend of mine who sells insurance in an out-of-the-way town in Maine. Assume that his major ability lies in the field of salesmanship—that he can do a better job selling than running a machine or devising experiments in a research laboratory. Need that man be inwardly wretched as he interviews prospects in Aroostook County?

Not at all! He can be supremely happy; happy even though his sales territory is not Manhattan Island. In his little town in Maine he has the chance to do day after day the thing he is best fitted to do—sell something, and sell it skillfully. As he makes his sales he gains one of the deepest satisfactions the sensitive human spirit knows.

THE OTHER SATISFACTION hidden within every honorable career comes when an individual deliberately takes his attention off himself and puts it on someone or something else. Presently he discovers the joy of sacrificial devotion. Maybe it ultimately flowers into the supreme joy of saviorhood.

This is the joy known by a wife who dedicates herself to her husband, known by a husband who dedicates himself to his wife, known by parents who dedicate themselves to their children. It is the joy known by a doctor who, after a long and desperate struggle, finally saves the life of a patient.

Are there others who know this joy, discover this satisfaction? Consider the experience of Mrs. Macy, the once-blind woman who was Helen Keller's companion and teacher, for Helen, as you remember, lost both her sight and hearing during infancy. Being totally deaf she could not hear herself talk, and this meant she could not learn to pronounce words clearly. So—blind and deaf and then virtually dumb—she faced an apparently hopeless future.

But during her seventh year her parents located Mrs. Macy and persuaded her to devote her life to the training of their pitifully handicapped child. After Mrs. Macy's death many years later, someone paid her this tribute:

"It was nearly half a century ago that little Helen was placed under Mrs. Macy's care. Mrs. Macy herself had mastered blindness, and so she had certain advantages as she began working with Helen.

"But how ingeniously she surmounted her apparently insurmountable obstacles! How subtly she made her way through Helen's triple prison-walls!

"A decade of effort, and then Helen was ready to take her entrance examinations for college. More years of effort, and then Helen graduated from college with the rank of *cum laude*. Still more years of effort, and then Helen could not only write with charm but also speak effectively in public. So, in the end, Helen became a world figure, symbol of human victory over Fate.

"But always in the background of Helen's life stood this self-effacing companion and teacher. The story of their years together is one of the most moving ever told."

Was obscure Mrs. Macy, giving her very life to that handicapped child, unhappy? She was not. She had found one of the deepest satis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factions the human heart knows—the joy of saviorhood.

When we thus forget ourselves and devote our best to something outside ourselves, must it be a person who is the object of our effort? Of course not. It may be an institution or a community.

Each spring the University of Maine holds an institute for farmers and farmers' wives, and to these meetings come nearly 4,000 men and women from all parts of the state. At one of the gatherings each year, citations are presented to two farmers and two farmers' wives who have rendered particularly valuable service to their communities.

I shall never forget the four individuals whom I once saw receive those citations. One was a farmer who had developed a particularly fine orchard, another a dairyman who had built up a specially fine herd. And the two farmers' wives? One had nine children, the other ten. One of them had served her local church for 40 years, the other had served hers for 47.

In addition, each woman had found time (or made time) to help the local Grange, the local Farm Bureau, the local Public Library and the local School Board. The woman with ten children had seen five of them graduated from the University of Maine, and so of course she had included the University in the ever-widening circle of her interests.

Four small-town people . . . but had they been unhappy? Had they been wretched because their careers were ordinary? On the contrary, they had been four of the happiest people in the world.

In devoting themselves to things outside themselves, particularly to the communities in which their lives were set, they had found a joy which the world can neither give nor take away.

A Quick Trick

GAUSS, THE great German mathematician, gave evidence of his genius at the very tender age of 7. His instructor in mathematics disliked him because he feared that the little boy knew more than he did. As the sequel shows, he was quite right.

One day the instructor wrote an exercise on the blackboard: "Calculate the sum of all the numbers from one to one hundred."

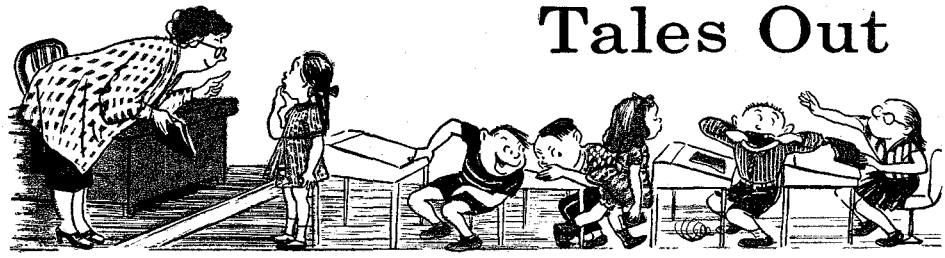
The children started scratching vigorously on their slates, but after a few seconds young Gauss called out "I have it." With a smirk the teacher called him to the front of the room and asked to see his answer. To his astonishment, young Gauss presented him with the correct solution.

How was he able to accomplish this in a few seconds? (You will find the answer on page 78.)

From *How to Torture Your Friends*, by Peter Storme and Paul Stryfe. Copyright, 1941, by Simon and Schuster.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tales Out



THE TEACHER WAS questioning the children about their ages.

"How old were you on your last birthday, Jane?"

"Seven, ma'am," said the little girl.

"And how old will you be on your next birthday?"

"Nine, ma'am."

"But if you were seven on your last birthday, how can you be nine on your next birthday?"

"Well, ma'am, you see I'm eight today!" —*Kreolite News*

SOME COLLEGE STUDENTS acquire knowledge, others develop ingenuity and resourcefulness. Young Tucker was definitely in the latter class. One question in his exam read:

"What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?"

To which the young man blithely replied: "I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string." —*Christian Science Monitor*

ON THE OPENING day at school, a third-grade teacher was perplexed to find several boys, complete with sombrero, kerchief and six-shooters, scrambling to occupy a certain seat in a far corner of the room. The teacher couldn't understand why anyone would want to sit so far removed from all windows and doors. When she inquired why, one boy explained: "Any cowboy knows enough not to leave his flanks uncovered."

—*Newton School Reporter* (*In Quote*)

A COLLEGE EDUCATION at least keeps the boss' son away from the business for four more years.

—BEN J. SALLOWS (*Union Postal Clerk*)

"NAME AN OBJECT," said the instructor, "that you consider the most fittingly named."

"An orange, sir," replied the eager beaver in the front row. "It is orange in color, has the shape of an orange, the taste of an orange, and it is really and truly an orange, as its name would lead one to expect." —PHILIP MUIR

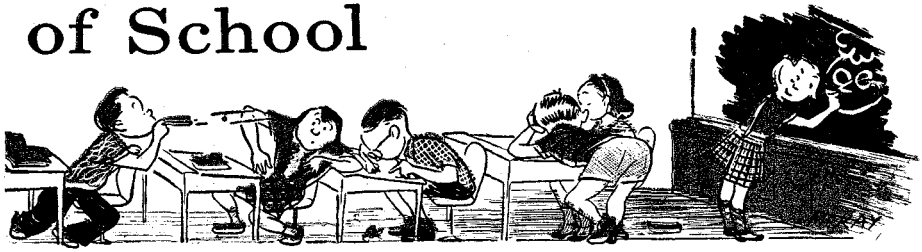
A YOUNGSTER WHOSE love of history was not any too intense expressed his opinion on the inside cover of his history book: "In case of fire, please throw this in."

—*Omco News*

THE JUNIOR HIGH-SCHOOL class had been learning about the Ten Commandments. At the end of the lesson, the teacher asked her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# of School



pupils to close their books and write down one Commandment. She is still puzzling over this answer:

"Thou shall not omit adultery."

—H. T. Levin

A LITTLE BLUE-EYED girl, holding a tiny bunch of dandelions, was walking hand in hand with a boy of about her age. When they reached the corner, they waited for the friendly cop to escort them across the busy street.

"This is my boy friend," smiled the little girl.

"What!" exclaimed the cop in mock surprise. "A pretty girl like you has only one boy friend?"

"Well," she said, wrinkling her small brow, "I just started school today." —Clarence Roeser

AN ALABAMA STUDENT defines seasonal occupations as "occupations which a person can only work in a certain season, for instance, in canneries, harvest hands or a senator."

—*NEA Journal*

IN THE SCHOOL where she teaches, according to a Pennsylvania kindergarten teacher, Winter brings a problem at dismissal time—the confusion of snow pants, scarves, gloves and mislaid boots. For several days her tots regarded this hour as a perfect time for visiting, talking and delay. Then she hit on this plan: she now looks around the room until she finds a pupil all dressed and quiet. "Since you are ready," she tells him, "you may leave now." In another two seconds every zipper is zipped, the tumult is over, and each child is waiting like a statue to be dismissed. —*Rotarian*

ROGER WAS CARRYING home a sealed note from his teacher.

"Do you think it's real bad?" a friend asked.

"I'll soon find out," Roger said. "If it's real bad, I'll get the daylights licked out of me; if it's medium bad, I won't get to go to the movie Saturday; if it's just bad, Mama will tell me I take after Papa and let it go at that." —*Dixie-Roto Magazine*

ELEANOR, MY four-year-old niece, was discovered misbehaving in the kindergarten ranks. The teacher told her to go to the end of the line. But a few minutes later she discovered Eleanor was back in her original place.

"Little girl, I thought I told you to go to the end of the line," she said sternly.

"I did, teacher, but there was someone there already."

—Annette Ruckstuhl

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WONDERLAND OF DEEP-SEA HUNTERS

by PIERRE DE LATIL and MARY THAYER MULLER

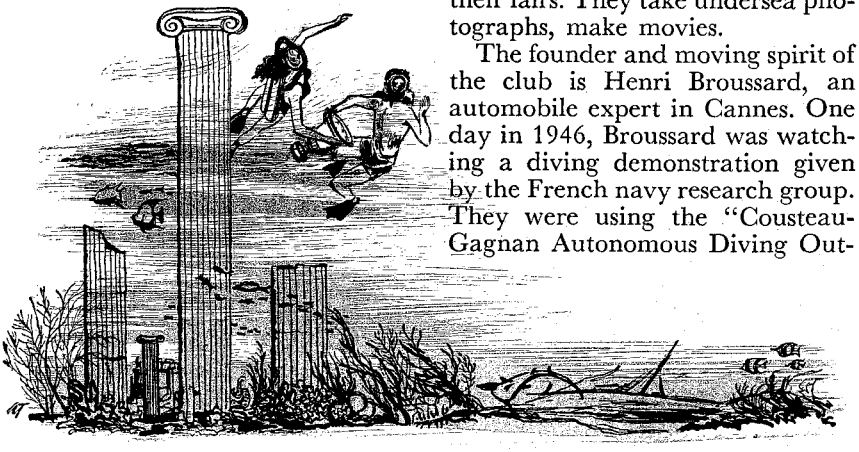
A mask and a pair of flippers are a passport to strange adventures

YOU'RE ON THE BEACH at Cannes on the French Riviera. It's a bright, sunny day. The surface of the sea is that incredible blue seen only in the Mediterranean: the promenade is covered with strollers. All the little tables in front of the big hotels are full. Beyond, the blue wall of the Maritime Alps is capped with snow.

You're in a bathing suit—with some very queer additions. Strapped to your back are a couple of bottles of compressed air. Your belt is weighted with lead sinkers. A mask covers your eyes and nose. And now, incredible as it seems, weighted down and encumbered as you are, you're going to walk into the sea—and keep right on going. You're the guest of the Sub-Marine Alpine Club, about to make your first dive.

The club at Cannes is a new kind of mountaineering group. Instead of climbing up they climb down—in the sea. Instead of nailed boots and coils of rope, they wear masks and flippers. Their rucksacks are bottles of compressed air.

They explore undersea caves. They find the remains of ancient civilizations, of sunken ships and cargoes lost 2,000 years ago. Some members hunt great fish—stalk them where they graze, pursue them to their lairs. They take undersea photographs, make movies.



The founder and moving spirit of the club is Henri Broussard, an automobile expert in Cannes. One day in 1946, Broussard was watching a diving demonstration given by the French navy research group. They were using the "Cousteau-Gagnan Autonomous Diving Out-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fit," a contraption worked out by two naval officers during the war.

Here it is: strapped to the diver's back are one, two, even three bottles of compressed air. A tube comes over one shoulder from the tanks to his mouth. Over the other shoulder goes another tube, expelling the used air through a valve at the back of his neck. The mouthpiece controls both processes automatically—he breathes in and out through it. Over his eyes and nose is a watertight, glass-fronted mask.

The important feature of the invention is the automatic balancer which feeds the diver the air at exactly the same pressure as the surrounding water. The deeper he goes, the greater the pressure of the air he breathes. That creates a balance between the inside and outside of the body, preventing the pain in the ears and constriction of the chest usually felt in diving.

Broussard watched the divers going down, staying as long as three quarters of an hour. Followed by boats on the surface, they were obviously wandering around wherever they pleased. Their progress was marked by bubbles of air rising to the surface.

Broussard was fascinated. He was already a top-rank mountain-climber, skier and swimmer. The idea of a new and practically untouched field of sport opened up thrilling possibilities. He knew from reports of various divers that in the coastal depths along the Mediterranean Sea there are steep cliffs, deep caves, strange creatures and huge fish lying too deep to be caught from the surface.

He got himself an "autonomous," made a dive. Since then he has spent most of his spare time walking on the bottom of the sea.

It wasn't long before he had most of his friends doing it, too. The club was formed. Now it has 200 members, who are at home in the sea. Taking a walk at 40 or 50 feet below the surface is a daily habit for some of them. The more experienced go down 150 feet.

The club lends equipment to new members, teaches them the use of it. They welcome immigrants to the undersea world.

So here you are in your autonomous. You feel so heavy you can hardly move, but somehow you have managed to get into the water up to your waist. Broussard tests the valves of your air bottle, puts the tube in your mouth. "Now," he says, "it's as though you were diving. Breathe normally."

The air comes in easily enough, but when you breathe out, there's a horrible snorting noise at the back of your neck. That's the exhaust. "Now," says Broussard. "Swim!"

Loaded down like this? Ridiculous. You'll sink. But you give it a try. To your great surprise you don't sink. You float on your face breathing normally. Only when you breathe out there's still that rude noise behind you. Why not go lower and get rid of it?

No sooner said than done. Somehow, without conscious effort, you go down. The noise stops. You're in your dive.

Slowly you sink through the pale green twilight. Soon you're on the bottom. You follow its gradual descent, your path a bar of sunlight on the sand. It shimmers and wavers as surface currents cross it.

It's a lovely world. The rocks are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covered with strange foliage—slender palms with feathery fronds on a stone-colored trunk. You put out your hand to pick one. The fronds disappear. The trunk is as bare as a blasted tree. It isn't a plant at all but a colony of creatures. So is this silver tree covered with blue flowers like little flames. When you try to touch it the flames go out. They were alive, too. The whole place is teeming with life.

A big rock bars your way, so you turn off in another direction, still going down. But, come to think of it, *how* did you turn? How are you moving down? You're not walking exactly. Not swimming. You're flying! A mere turn of your body sends you up or down.

You have no weight. You go forward, backward, turn a somersault without seeming to move a muscle. Just the wish is enough.

But suddenly your ears begin to hurt. You remember more of Broussard's advice. "Perhaps your Eustachian tube won't behave well on your first dive. Try to swallow to open it."

You try to swallow. But to do that you must stop and breathe. For some time now you haven't stopped to think about breathing. Now you do. You're impatient at not being able to breathe through your nose. Then panicky. You're going to suffocate. Quick—you must go up! Your duck-feet beat the water frantically.

At the surface you let go of the tube to gasp for air. But weighted down as you are, your mouth is still in the water, so you swallow a lot. Now you're going to drown.

Then you see Broussard swimming toward you with his powerful crawl. This gives you courage to grab the tube in your mouth again and swim to shore.

On land you take on your normal weight and feel appallingly cumbersome. But it was wonderful down there. You can hardly wait to go again.

One of the activities of the Sub-Marine Alpine Club is treasure-hunting. Buried (or sunken) treasure isn't just fiction. There really is treasure under the sea.

One day two members of the club, Henri and Leo, were relaxing on a terrace at Agay after a morning of diving. Henri said: "Did you see those things that looked like a lot of vases at the foot of the cliff about 80 feet down?"

"Sure," said Leo. "Someone must have thrown out some old jars."

"I don't think so. They looked quite different to me. They may be full of treasure."

Leo laughed. Still, that afternoon when he saw Henri putting on his autonomous, he got ready to follow.

Henri reached the spot first. When Leo got there he was tugging at one of the jars, half as large as he was and obviously full of something. They tied a rope around it and together they managed to bring it to the surface.

It wasn't full of lost treasures—nothing but sand and crabs. But the jar itself was a treasure. Museum curators placed it as a genuine Roman amphora, probably part of the wine cargo of a trading vessel sunk there 2,000 years ago. You could still decipher the maker's name and trademark.

They formed a group for archeological research. Near St. Tropez they came across blocks of marble

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which were shipped years ago to build a temple. The divers are making many other discoveries of great importance to historians—ships, anchors, sunken ruins.

There's one serious hazard in this kind of sport. That is "divers' sleep," caused by the action on the blood of prolonged pressure at great depth. It's a delightful sensation. You feel lazy and relaxed. Not a care in the world. Everything's wonderful. You'll take a little nap. Then it's time to get out of there quick. To go to sleep 150 feet down is to wake up drowned.

In 1947 at Toulon, a naval officer named Fargue was trying to beat the record of 400 feet. He was using a depth-recording device often used by the club: from a boat on the surface a plumb line goes to the bottom. Every 15 feet along the line a slate and a piece of chalk are tied. The diver makes a cross on each slate as he passes.

Fargue went down. For half an hour friends in the boat watched his bubbles rising. The bubbles began to diminish. Then there were no more.

Swiftly another diver followed the line. Every slate was marked down to 390 feet. Then no more.

When Fargue was brought to the surface there was the most beatific expression on his face. He must have died happy.

UNDERWATER FISHING is also a famous sport along the Riviera. But it's against the law to hunt fish with a tank of compressed air. It isn't fair to the fish. However one man confesses that recently he was tempted and fell.

On one of his exploring trips he had seen a huge Merou, had followed it to its hole in the rocks, 40 feet down. Now a Merou is rather like a tame elephant—harmless unless he happens to step on you. Some Merous weigh almost 200 pounds. They're excellent eating, if you can manage to land them.

This particular specimen was one of the largest. The diver made several trips to observe its habits and lay his plans. Then one day he lay in wait for it.

But the Merou was waiting, too. It had grown curious about this shiny, white object that appeared in its front yard every day. It was evidently harmless. Maybe it was good to eat. So when the hunter appeared for the fourth time, it sallied forth to look him over.

When the diver saw 200 pounds of fish bearing down on him with its mouth open, he took to his heels —or rather his flippers—as fast as he could.

You can't outrun a fish. The hunter says it was like one of those nightmares when you try to run and can't get going. Then his brain began to work again. He turned toward the fish, waved his arms. With a terrific flap the Merou dashed for its hole. There was a cloud of sand. By the time it cleared, the hunter was on the surface. He considers the episode a warning.

Among recent converts to deep-sea hunting is a dog. Rex has always been an enthusiastic rabbit hunter; his greatest joy in life was going out with his master. But after joining the club, the man had no more time for rabbit-hunting.

Rex began to pine. He would go to the beach, whine pathetically as he watched his master clad in an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

autonomous disappear below the surface. His master felt sorry for him, had a little diving outfit made.

Now Rex has become an accomplished diver. From the first he breathed easily, because he never stopped to think about it. He chases fish as furiously as he once chased rabbits.

The club bulletins which come out once a year carry a lot of advertising: watertight watches, movie cameras, an undersea aquaplane—a whole new world of commerce geared to the new world of adventure. The possibilities are infinite. We may be entering an era that will make the visions of Jules Verne seem pale and tame.

Already a club member has envisaged a plastic suit fitted with membranes like those of a fish, which extract oxygen from the water. It would be heated and pressurized. With this, your time below the surface would be unlimited.

On your undersea aquaplane, you'd take off for an undersea week end, see the international matches at the subaquatic stadium, visit the dolphin rodeo, stop for a meal of deep-sea delicacies at the Waldorf Caves—oysters, fried octopus, sea fruit and jellied algae.

Perhaps these undersea caves would make perfect A-bomb shelters, as well as retreats for asthma sufferers. Fantastic? Maybe. But so are the present activities of the Sub-Marine Alpine Club.

Hear! Hear!

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea. —HENRY FIELDING

The only time people dislike gossip is when you gossip about them. —WILL ROGERS

Sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for details. —*Irish Digest*

The length of time a woman can keep a secret depends on how quickly she can reach a phone. —EDWARD DRESCHNACK

There is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. —OSCAR WILDE

If nobody knows the troubles you've seen you're not living in a small town. —*Richmond Daily Register*

One of the hardest secrets for a man to keep is his opinion of himself. —*Sunshine Magazine*

Gossip is what no one claims to like, but everyone enjoys. —JOSEPH CONRAD

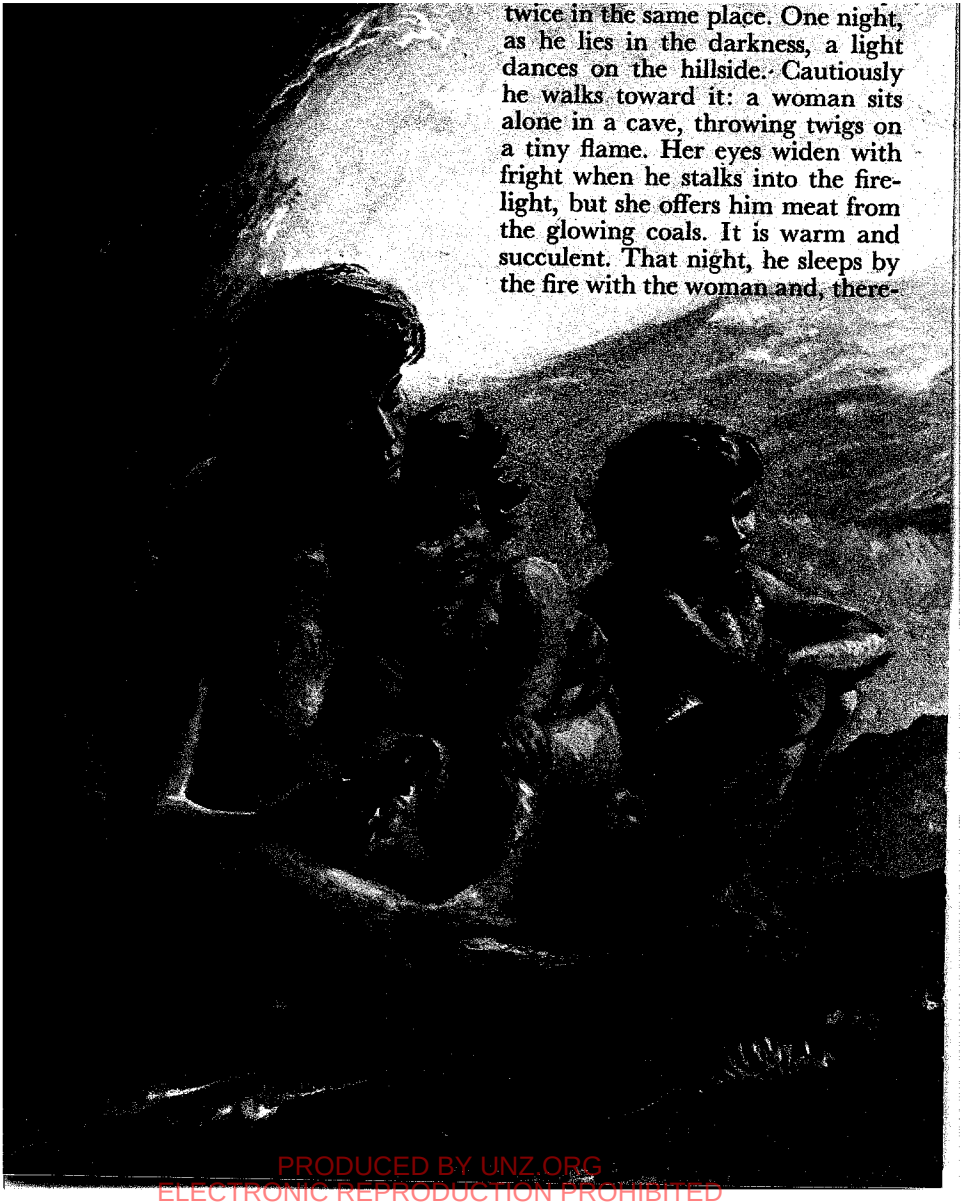
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

25,000 YEARS OF MAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SLAYTON UNDERHILL

THE NIGHTS are long and bitter-cold. The days are short, desolate. Hoarfrost covers the plain that stretches away to bleak, distant horizons. Huddled in a rocky cave hewn in the frozen mountains by the violence of nature, the man sits cross-legged and intent as he chips away at a piece of flint. His hair is coarse: his face is seamed and leathery from driving rain and ceaseless wind. The man has learned that flint is a weapon. With it, he can stand off the wild beasts that threaten his life. With it, he can strike down those animals whose flesh is savory and satisfying. So the weary hours pass. Stolidly, impassively, he chips away. When the darkness lifts, he will come out of the cave. It is 25,000 years ago, and the man has become a hunter.

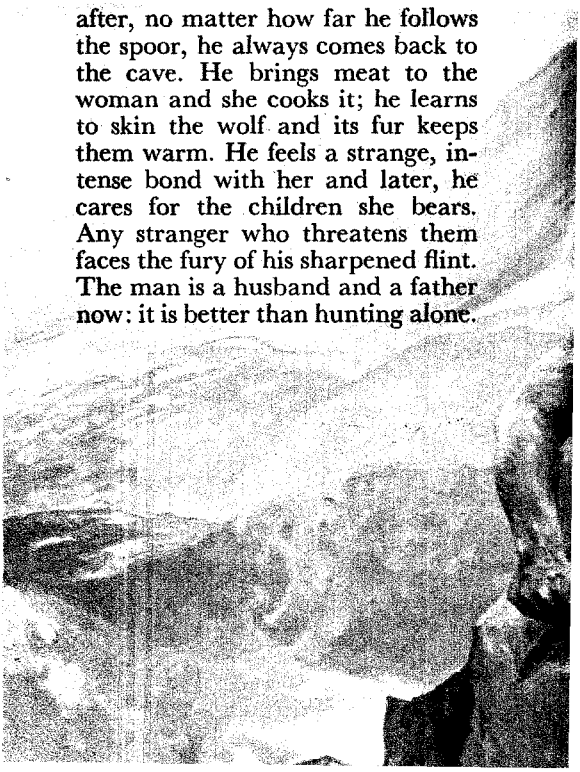
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



twice in the same place. One night, as he lies in the darkness, a light dances on the hillside. Cautiously he walks toward it: a woman sits alone in a cave, throwing twigs on a tiny flame. Her eyes widen with fright when he stalks into the firelight, but she offers him meat from the glowing coals. It is warm and succulent. That night, he sleeps by the fire with the woman and, there-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after, no matter how far he follows the spoor, he always comes back to the cave. He brings meat to the woman and she cooks it; he learns to skin the wolf and its fur keeps them warm. He feels a strange, intense bond with her and later, he cares for the children she bears. Any stranger who threatens them faces the fury of his sharpened flint. The man is a husband and a father now: it is better than hunting alone.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Others come to live in the caves on the hillside and the man fears them. Their flints are oddly shaped; they make strange, guttural sounds in their throats. Then one day, though he hunts far beyond the water hole, the man can find no game. He returns to the woman empty-handed and that night they go hungry. The little ones cry. When the sun rises, the man follows another hunter. They come to a new water hole: there is game! Days pass and others join them. Soon, all the men who live on the hillside hunt together, and now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they can seek bigger game. They learn to make the sounds that mean "swamp" or "danger." One evening, the man comes upon a great pit. He ponders over it for many hours. Then he covers it with leaves and loose branches and calls the others. Some do not understand; but when the band sets forth on the spoor of a giant mammoth, they follow, crying out. The frightened beast, running before their cries, plunges into the pit. Into its tough hide they drive their spears. Soon it lies still. They have meat enough for all to share.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The days grow short and cold winds howl from the North. Day after day the hunters return with only a rabbit or a fox—or nothing. The man sits by the fire and, in his mind, sees again the great herds of bison. Soon he falls asleep, dreaming of sweet-tasting meat. A hoarse cry awakens him: across the plain, two men stand triumphant over a dead bison. That night, as his friends laugh and eat, the man sits quietly by a crude picture he has drawn. Others see it. A tense silence envelops the cave. The women draw back and one of the men lights a lamp of grease and moss. He walks into the darkness of the cave and points to the wall. "Make another," he says. The man draws until the lamp flickers out. Next evening they are back. Laboriously the man scratches on the rock with his flint, straining to re-evoke the image of the beast. Snow falls on the hillside. There are only nuts and roots to eat, but the man keeps working. On the day that it is done, a hunter races into the cave: "Come quickly!" The man seizes his spear and follows. At the water hole, he sees them—bison, mammoth, deer. It is warm again and the beasts have returned. The man, by his confused, barely-understood efforts to hurry them, has become an artist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man grows older and can no longer follow the spoor. Still the hunters seek his advice, for he is the guardian of their good-luck symbols. One day, the man sees three hunters, spears poised over a fourth. "He stole our meat," they say. "We shall kill him." The man holds up his hand: "Wait! He is a good hunter. Do not kill him. Rather let him go hungry." The man's wisdom strikes home. The hunters let the thief go, and thereafter, transgressors are brought before the man. The people on the hillside have formed a government. The man and his friends stand poised on the fringe of civilization.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Many Sides of TOSCANINI

by GLENN D. KITTLER

FOR ALL HIS 85 years, the life of Arturo Toscanini has been filled with music. He became a conductor at the age of 19, when without notice he substituted for a man who had so riled the audience that he was booed off the stage. Since then, Toscanini's career has always been at its zenith.

The simplest melody is sacred to him. This respect has instilled in him a reverent humility toward music. To transmit this feeling to his musicians, he has often gone to demonstrative extremes.

During one rehearsal, the orchestra seemed unable to capture the particular lilt that Toscanini wanted in a certain passage. After several repetitions, the maestro stopped the musicians and took out his handkerchief.

Surprised, the men watched him toss the handkerchief into the air, then closely studied its graceful glide to the floor.

"There," said Toscanini. "Now, let us play this passage as beautifully as that."

On a similar occasion, he told the orchestra: "You don't get to heaven staccato. You float!"

Yet, when the musical instructions specify *fortissimo*, he demands that, too. At the height of a Beethoven crescendo, Toscanini startled his audience by shouting at the orchestra: "Explode!"

Again, during a rehearsal, he stopped his musicians after they had finished a short, violent passage of a symphony.

"Try it again," he instructed. This time, the men feverishly bore down on their instruments, until the music was like thunder. Then once again Toscanini stopped them.

"So you can play stronger!" he shouted. "Why didn't you play it that way the first time? Were you asleep?"

Then he began to beat his chest. "Look at me," he said. "I am an old man, but I give music my all—everything I have. You are all stupid! You are idiots! You have no feeling for music."

On that, he stamped out of the rehearsal hall, leaving behind a room of stunned musicians. Startled, the men kept their seats. He returned in a few moments, and—typical of his inability to sustain annoyance—he was calm and gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tle, as if nothing had ever happened.

Guest soloists are frequently victims of the demands that Toscanini makes of his orchestra.

Once, a famous soprano insisted on arguing with him over the interpretation of her aria. When he remained adamant, she said: "We will do it my way. After all, I am the star!"

Toscanini glared at her. "Madame," he said, "the stars are in heaven. Here, we are all artists—good or bad. And you are a bad artist!"

With a heavyweight contralto who could not take his direction, he pointed to her head, saying: "If you had as much here as you have here"—he pointed to her expansive bosom—"you would be a great singer."

EVIDENCE OF TOSCANINI'S quest for perfection in music occurred one night in his New York home. With friends, he was listening to a recording made of a symphony he conducted. Suddenly he rushed across the room and turned off the machine.

"At this point," he declared vehemently, "I was betrayed!"

Despite his long career, Toscanini considers himself still a student. Though he knows most symphonies by memory, he approaches each as if it were a new composition, searching through it for a new expression he might have missed before, then changing his own interpretation upon discovering it.

After such an occasion, an old friend commented to the maestro that he seemed to conduct the last movement of a symphony faster than he had several years ago.

"Yes, I know," said Toscanini, "but I was stupid then."

Furthermore, he is the first to admit—and be miserably depressed—when his performance is the least inferior. After a New York concert that displeased him, some friends tried to console him by assuring that his reaction was wrong.

"So you think I don't know music!" he bellowed. "The trouble with you is that you have all been poisoned by me!"

This sensitivity to his work has made Toscanini respected and loved by his musicians. Aware of his devotion to music, they admire his painstaking efforts to achieve perfection for them and himself. Thus, apologizing to a musician he had berated, Toscanini admitted humbly: "I have a bad character."

"No, Maestro," said the man. "Just a bad temper, sometimes."

One morning during a South American tour, the orchestra prepared itself for further evidence of that bad temper.

Weary from the constant traveling, the men groaned their complaints when they were called early from their beds.

"Why this rehearsal, Maestro?" they asked Toscanini as they took their places on-stage. "Yesterday, you promised us the morning off."

"This is not a rehearsal," said Toscanini mildly. "It is a concert."

Surprised, the men glanced at their music and recognized the score of *The Star Spangled Banner*. Toscanini poised his baton and the curtain rose.

"For America," whispered Toscanini. And the orchestra played with an inspired vigor. When they finished, they heard the applause

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of one person. Startled, the musicians looked at the lone man sitting in the vast theater. Suddenly they understood. The special concert was played for a man who, like themselves, was a long way from home on this morning of Independence Day.

He was the United States Minister to Uruguay. Toscanini turned to him and bowed to his appreciative applause.

Toscanini has long been a towering obelisk against political oppression. For this reason, he has refused all invitations to conduct in Russia, nor would he perform in Germany or Italy during the Hitler-Mussolini era.

He rejected the friendship of musicians who played for the dictators, and he would not conduct abroad until all those with whom he worked were cleared of any hints of collaboration.

His reasons for this were expressed when, during a rehearsal of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, he stopped the orchestra and frowned at the soloist.

"Do you know what you are singing about?" the maestro asked. The singer was puzzled. Toscanini walked to him, and pointing his baton, said: "You are singing about brotherhood, but your facial expression looks like you hate everybody. That will show in your music."

Audiences have long sensed what shows in Toscanini's music: the genius of a conductor whose quest for perfection has introduced millions of people everywhere to the unique brotherhood of music lovers.

Capsule Comment

Freedom and responsibility are like Siamese twins: they die if they are parted. —Lillian Smith
Killers of The Dream
(*W. W. Norton Co.*)

The reason a great many people do not recognize an opportunity when they meet it is that it usually goes around wearing overalls and looking like hard work.
—*Tales of Hoffman*

The greatest secret of life is to spend it on something that will outlast it. —Edward E. Murrow

A company's behavior must be as good as its literature claims. As one expert warns, "It is of little avail to have the factory walls decorated with portraits of Abraham Lincoln if Ivan the Terrible is walking up and down the aisles."
—Charles E. Wilson

There is usually plenty of room at the top because some of those who get there go to sleep and fall off.
—*Wellman Magazine*

If a man does only what is required of him, he is a slave. The moment he does more, he is a free man.
—*Farm Journal*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NAVY'S STRANGEST BATTLE

by **STANLEY J. MEYER**

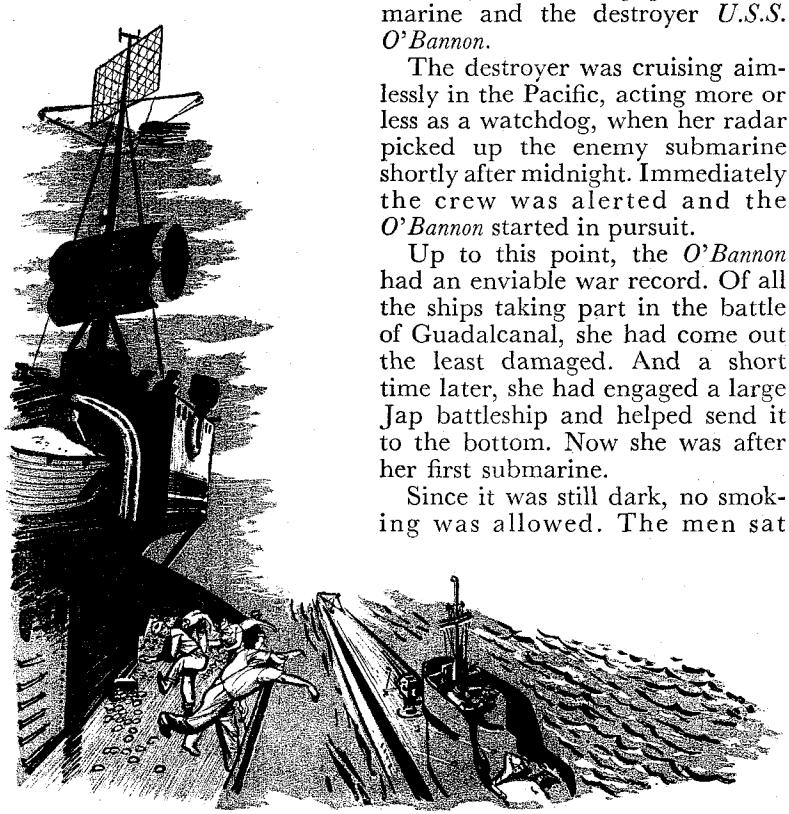
The Japanese didn't have a chance when they came up against the skill of Americans trained on the baseball diamond

THE STRANGEST BATTLE in the history of the American Navy was fought in the early morning of April 5, 1943, between a Japanese submarine and the destroyer *U.S.S. O'Bannon.*

The destroyer was cruising aimlessly in the Pacific, acting more or less as a watchdog, when her radar picked up the enemy submarine shortly after midnight. Immediately the crew was alerted and the *O'Bannon* started in pursuit.

Up to this point, the *O'Bannon* had an enviable war record. Of all the ships taking part in the battle of Guadalcanal, she had come out the least damaged. And a short time later, she had engaged a large Jap battleship and helped send it to the bottom. Now she was after her first submarine.

Since it was still dark, no smoking was allowed. The men sat



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around their guns, grumbling about things in general, when the order came over the intercom system, "Prepare to fire!"

Minutes passed—precious minutes that cut down the distance between the submarine and the destroyer. According to the radar screen, the submarine was stationary on the surface and apparently unaware of the *O'Bannon's* presence.

Then the destroyer's guns roared and her lights flashed on. A few minutes later the sub was sighted, sitting helplessly. The first shots had sheared her conning tower. But the Japs were not giving up. Dozens were pouring out of the sub with rifles and machine guns.

The *O'Bannon* closed in for the kill, but before she could bring heavy fire to bear, she overshot her mark and was too close for the big guns to fire. The instant the Japs saw what had happened, they raked the destroyer's deck with small-arms fire.

Up to this time, the *O'Bannon's* crew had never needed small arms, so there was no revolver or rifle on deck. Actually, the destroyer was at the mercy of the helpless submarine. But at this point American ingenuity stepped in and turned the tide of battle.

While the sailors crouched behind cover, someone happened to remember a cargo of Maine potatoes stored in the deck lockers. Within a few moments the crates were brought up and broken open. Thousands of potatoes rolled across the deck in every direction.

The sailors crept toward the rail, loaded with spuds, and when the enemy stopped firing for several moments, the Americans leaped to their feet with a roar and started hurling "strikes" at the Japs.

On the deck of the sub, a Jap dove down the hatch. Another grabbed his chest in alarm, then disappeared over the side. For several minutes potatoes rained down so fast that the Japanese sailors had to take cover.

But as soon as they recovered from their surprise, and recognized the missiles, they took up the battle again. By this time, however, the Americans had reinforced their emergency ammunition.

The Japs fought valiantly, but they were no match for the baseball-trained Americans. Crouching in the glare of the *O'Bannon's* searchlight, they were like clay ducks in a shooting gallery. The sailors were having a royal time for themselves—some were even calling their shots, then pinging the missiles off the Japs' bodies.

Suddenly the searchlight went out. At that same moment a barrage of depth charges exploded. A rousing cheer went up all over the darkened ship.

When the light came on, the sub was gone. Only an oil slick marked where she had been. And in the middle of the slick bobbed hundreds of Maine potatoes.

Next day the destroyer got a message from Admiral William F. Halsey: "Congratulations on sinking the Jap. Your ingenuity is commendable."

During the rest of the war, the *O'Bannon* was in numerous actions, but one engagement that stands out in the memory of her crew is the spud battle with the Japs—the strangest battle the U. S. Navy ever fought.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Your Constitution

by WILLIAM LAVARRE

Has a President the right to dictate White House laws against our citizens?

IF YOU TAKE A COPY of the Constitution of the United States of America and study it, you will learn something of major importance to every citizen on the eve of our 1952 Presidential election:

Nowhere in the Constitution, the Bill of Rights or any other Amendment is there even mention of a current political phenomenon which can, in the next few years, threaten the well-being of this country.

When President Truman sat down at his White House desk on the night of April 8th and signed "Executive Order No. 10340," legislators, lawyers, businessmen and historians throughout the 48 states rushed to their bookshelves to look again at the Constitution. None of them found any word there about the President's right to issue an "Executive Order."

Yet, at the stroke of his pen, a President *thought* he had seized the steel industry of the United States; its billions of dollars of privately-owned assets; its hundreds of thousands of employees; and *thought* he had, thereafter, the right to reorganize the economy of the nation by changing the wages that all producers and all users of steel would pay the steel workers.

On April 8th, the moment had come suddenly when American citizens had to ask themselves a very important Constitutional question: "What is an Executive Order?"

If President Truman's seizure of the steel industry was Executive Order No. 10340, there must have been 10339 such orders issued prior to April 8th. Was an Executive Order a White House law, rather than a Congressional Act? The average citizen, uninformed about Executive Orders, had no quick answer.

The question, however, can be answered by any student of the Constitution: An Executive Order is *not* a law. The Constitution specifically reserves all lawmaking powers to Congress and the State Legislatures. Under the Constitution, a President may *ask* for a law, but a President cannot *make* a law. And yet, in the heat of controversy, sev-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral Presidents, Republican as well as Democratic, have tried to bypass that Constitutional fact.

Since this September is the 165th birthday of the Constitution, it is a fitting time to understand just what an Executive Order is, what it can and cannot do to each of us, and how we can tell, without being members of the Supreme Court, whether it is legal or illegal.

First of all, an Executive Order is merely a scrap of paper, like our dollar bill, unless it is backed by Constitutional authority. In the case of our dollars, it is the credit and assets of the U. S. Government. In the case of an Executive Order, it must be supported by specific authority of the Constitution or by a specific Act of Congress.

AN EXECUTIVE ORDER, as originally used by our Presidents, was exclusively an order to a President's executives defining the procedures for carrying out a law, or a section of a law, previously enacted by Congress. For example, if Congress passed a law authorizing the collection of more taxes from the American people, and authorizing the President, under certain restrictions, to collect these taxes, then the President in turn could issue Executive Orders to his Secretary of the Treasury, prescribing the administrative procedures for increased collections.

In short, Executive Orders are merely *directives*. It is only in the last 15 years that they have become numbered and, in many instances, dictated as *orders* to civilians.

Up to 1933, Presidential "directives" were so far removed from the American public that they were usually typed on a single sheet of paper and filed in the Federal office concerned. But gradually, through 1933, '34 and '35, these directives became known in Washington as "Executive Orders."

They became, in many instances, so specifically directed at the American people that, in 1936, Congress called a halt to the practice and passed an Act requiring a President to publish publicly each order in *The Federal Register*, the official publication of all governmental regulations affecting the public. No White House order, issued under a specific Act of Congress, could become effective until it had been registered and published.

It is only since early 1936, therefore, that American citizens generally have had an opportunity for learning, simultaneously with issuance, what these White House Orders actually contained. Eliminating the orders which were purely administrative directives to various Federal bureaus, we now find that an ever-increasing percentage are not directed at governmental offices but at the everyday American citizen.

Some have even carried "penalties" against us for not obeying them, despite the fact that no Federal penalty against a citizen can be legally enforced except as stated in an Act of Congress.

If we had a dictator, he could assume the power to issue laws and ordain his own penalties, but we would then be living in something quite different from our past and present Republic.

Thus, when the Supreme Court, in its decision last June, ruled that President Truman had no author-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ity for issuing Executive Order 10340, it gave every citizen something important to remember for our future protection.

"The President's power to issue the order," the Supreme Court said, "must stem either from an act of Congress or from the Constitution itself. There is no statute that expressly authorizes the President to take possession of property as he did here.

"In the framework of our Constitution, the President's power to see that the laws are faithfully executed refutes the idea that he is to be a lawmaker," the majority opinion continued. "The Constitution limits his function in the law-making process to the recommending of laws he thinks wise and the vetoing of laws he thinks bad. And the Constitution is neither silent nor equivocal about who shall make laws which the President is to execute.

"The first Section of the first Article says that 'All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States' . . . The President's order does not direct that a Congressional policy be executed in a manner prescribed by Congress—it directs that a Presidential policy be executed in a manner prescribed by the President."

That can be an acid test of future Executive Orders. Any order which sets out the reasons why a President believes certain policies should be adopted and authorizes a government official to enforce them, may offer grounds for challenge.

There are, of course, people who do not like the Supreme Court's nullification of a Presidential "order." The political horizon is spotted with men who seemingly would like to transfer all legislative powers from Congress to the White House. Executive Order 10340, and the instant controversy over the right of a President to issue it, brought many of them into the limelight.

"Our position," said Assistant U. S. Attorney General Baldridge in pleading for supreme Presidential powers in an emergency, "is that there is no power in the courts to restrain the President." When the people of the United States adopted the Constitution, the powers of Congress and the judiciary, he claimed, were limited, but not the powers of the executive. The executive, he claimed, determines the "emergencies," and the courts cannot even review the issue.

If that were the *fact* of our Constitution, the people of America, subject to Executive Orders which could not be reviewed or nullified by the Supreme Court or Congress, would be living not in a republic but in a dictatorship. We do not have to be lawyers to know our Constitutional rights, for the plain and elemental facts of the Constitution are stated in basic English. Any man or woman can define his or her fundamental rights merely by reading the Constitution itself.

The Constitution says: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives." That means that no President ever has legislative powers: he cannot legally dictate a law or a penalty for citizens who refuse to obey his dictate.

The Constitution states that Con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gress has the authority "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

To take care of "national emergencies," the Constitution specifically directs that the President "may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses (of Congress) or either of them." But the President, no matter what the "emergency," has no Constitutional right to create a law.

Any Executive Order, not based specifically on a law of Congress or on a paragraph of the Constitution itself, is open to attack as being unconstitutional.

In voiding President Truman's Executive Order No. 10340, the Supreme Court reminded us of certain important facts. "Men," said Justice Jackson, himself a New Deal appointee, "have discovered no technique for long preserving free government except that the executive be under the law and that the law be made by parliamentary deliberations."

Justice Frankfurter, another New Deal appointee, pointed out that "the accretion of dangerous power does not come in a day. It does come, however slowly, from the generative force of unchecked disregard of the restrictions that fence in even the most disinterested assertion of authority."

Under our Constitution, and our three balanced divisions of government powers which have kept us growing as a great republic in the midst of world troubles, let us hope that all future "Executive Orders" will be issued merely for the executive purpose of administering the laws of the Constitution and of our Congress—and never again for the purpose of dictating White House laws or Presidential penalties.

Matters Zoological

THE GIANT GALAPAGOS tortoises in New York's Bronx Zoo, sleep, eat and travel in cliques, according to some mysterious social ranking.

The star-nosed mole, which has 22 little fleshy "fingers" growing out of its nose in the form of a star, reputedly uses its tail to store surplus fat in the wintertime.

The average female elephant gives birth to six baby elephants in a lifetime.

An electric ray fish weighing 20 pounds can discharge enough electricity to knock a man down.

If a spider is interrupted in spinning its web, it cannot resume work where it left off, but must start again from the beginning.

The Kiwi bird of New Zealand, which weighs about five pounds, sometimes lays a one-pound egg.

During the mating season the male seal is said to eat no food for about three months.

—PAUL STEINER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Is RIGHT with American Women

by BERNARD VALERY

Here is a Frenchman's warm tribute to the finest examples of their sex anywhere

AS A FRENCHMAN and a foreign correspondent, I am used to being asked by friendly natives of the countries I visit: "Aren't our women pretty?" or "Don't you like our women?" or, at the very least, "What do you think of our women?" In each instance the questioner implies, by the tone of voice or by a wink, that no other reply than an enthusiastic endorsement of local womanhood will be tolerated.

Not so in the United States. True enough, Americans ask questions and solicit foreign opinion, but in quite a different way. "Aren't our women dreadful?" they whisper, or "Don't you think that in comparison with Frenchwomen (or Italian, or Japanese, or Eskimo) our women come off badly?" Or, in a plaintive tone of voice: "Can you tell me what's *wrong* with American women?"

All this is said in such a way that to disagree would ruin my reputation or, even worse, touch off an investigation to brand me as a sinister undercover agent. Nevertheless, after eight months in America, where I have come in contact with men and women of all walks of life, I most emphatically disagree, despite the risk. In fact, I have reached the terribly subversive conclusion that the American woman is one of the most complete, responsible, and attractive specimens of her sex to be found anywhere.

One of the first things about her that strikes a foreign observer is her extraordinary physical attraction. Nowhere in the world, with the exception of Stockholm, have I seen so many pretty, well-cared-for faces and figures. Whether 14, 40 or 64, the average American woman seems to walk with an elastic step

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a queenly carriage, revealing a healthy, trained body.

Observing her, one thinks with pity and sympathy of thin-limbed French girls, of chunky Italians and pale Britishers, their physical assets depleted by lack of food and exercise, their teeth frequently dark or even missing, their hair tarnished-looking, because they have no time to brush it or can't afford visits to the beauty parlor . . .

"*Agreed,*" *you say.* "*The American woman's physical assets are great. But she does not know how to use them. She is too made up, her clothes are standardized and lack chic. Just think of the Parisian!*"

Nonsense! To begin with, the comparison is unfair, because Paris for centuries has been the home of high style and all that goes with it. Through the years, the Parisian has developed a genius in the matter of chic. A shopgirl knows instinctively what twist to give a 25-cent hat in order to look smart.

The trouble is, more often than not she lacks the 25 cents to buy a hat. How happy she would be if she could afford the clothes the American woman wears, even at the risk of meeting another woman wearing similar garments!

LACKING THE LONG Parisian tradition of chic, American women still manage very well. If by nothing else, their good taste is attested by the exquisite things they can buy not only on Fifth Avenue but even in Five-and-Ten stores.

Soon after arriving in New York from Paris, my wife met a number of women who complimented her on a little blue brooch she was wearing. "Truly Parisian!" said one. "Exquisite French workmanship!" exclaimed another. "Why can't we make such lovely things?" sighed a third.

The brooch had been bought in a Sixth Avenue drugstore, for one dollar. If my wife could have found one like it in Paris, it would have cost five times as much!

A friend of ours, editor of a French women's magazine, buys all her shoes in this country. Another friend has recently returned to France carrying slippers, blouses, sport dresses and cosmetic items which she found to be both cheaper and more attractive here.

Which brings up the problem of make-up. Women everywhere long for American lipsticks, foundation creams, "pancakes" and all the other mysterious ingredients of glamour. Today the make-up of European women, even of Parisians, usually consists of a couple of bright red smears on the cheekbones.

"*But,*" *I can hear you say,* "*European women are so much more feminine. American women lavish time and energy on their looks, but they are not really interested in men, only in themselves.*"

Admittedly, in any woman there is a desire to be prettier than the woman next door. But isn't she really prompted by the desire to outshine her neighbor in the eyes of some man? Surely the number of spinsters in this country is not so great as to warrant serious concern over the ability of American women to attract the opposite sex.

But the accusation does not rest there. It continues:

The American woman is self-centered and egotistical. She is interested in nothing but herself and her own enjoyment. She neglects her home, her hus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band and even her children. She can't think—and she can't cook!

The other day my wife went to a hairdresser. She came back astonished and amused: the beautician had entertained her with a two-hour analysis of the Marshall Plan.

Nowhere else have I met, proportionately, so many women with such varied interests and so great an ability to express them. Art, politics, literature, atomic energy, Yoga . . . you can hear all these discussed intelligently by women, and not only in Park Avenue salons but in modest homes, suburban bungalows, trains and buses.

Recently, I have spent several week ends with friends in the country and quite a few evenings in their town apartments. And it is in their homes, that one gets to see American women at their best.

None of our friends has servants, and yet we have found their homes spotlessly clean, their children well cared for, and a remarkable atmosphere of trust and confidence between parents and children.

I remember one week end particularly. We arrived at 5 in the afternoon. Our host and hostess escorted us into the living room and engaged us in leisurely conversation. It was very nice, but I was hungry. At about 6:30, I began sneaking glances at my watch. Now and then, it is true, our hostess excused herself, but each time she returned in a minute with more conversation. I began to think that either she had not yet started dinner or that we would be dining on cold cuts. Then she made another lightning disappearance. Next minute she was back to announce that dinner was ready. And, like a magician pulling rabbits from a hat, she produced a complete, home-cooked, five-course meal.

How had she done it? Gadgets had helped, but they did not explain the whole brilliant performance. That woman had the ability to do a number of things, all at the same time and all well. This is a talent that is rare indeed among European women. They just can't compete with Americans at giving simultaneous performances as housewives, mothers and hostesses.

However, the indictment is not yet complete. I am told:

"*Despite all their advantages, despite the fact that our American women are the most pampered and spoiled in the world, they are worried, unhappy and uncertain of themselves.*"

Let us remember that we are discussing the case of the average American woman, not of the female members of the "International Set" or of Hollywood stars, who have evolved a code of ethics all their own. Is the *average* American woman really so pampered and spoiled?

In offices, factories and fields, more women work in this country than in any other country in western civilization. In view of this, the fact that they have preserved so much feminine charm is assuredly one of the miracles of the age.

Where, then, does the idea of the unhappy, worried, miserable American woman come from? A lot of it seems to be based on the findings of psychologists, psychoanalysts and sociologists, as well as simple quacks and "lonely hearts" columnists. I do not believe that such witnesses and such tests are reliable.

There are in Europe a number of magazines and a few newspapers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publishing "Lonely Hearts" columns. You would be surprised to see how extraordinarily similar to those appearing in the American press are the complaints and confessions of European women.

And if more newsprint were available in Europe, I am quite certain that the number of letters would be as large as—if not larger than—over here.

It is about the same with psychoanalysts, sociologists and psychologists. As compared with the U. S., there are few of them in Europe, and their fees are exorbitant. And yet they have their hands full. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that they still would have their hands full if there were ten times or a hundred times as many of them, and if their fees were more within the reach of an average person?

If the life of the European woman were as efficiently organized as it is over here, if she had more leisure and more money to spend, do you think she would forego the exquisite pleasure of whispering her worries into a sympathetic ear, and of having the way to happiness revealed to her for a small fee?

Not long ago I asked the famous French *couturier*, Jacques Fath, what he thought about American women. "I think they are superb," he said, "but I would be afraid to marry one, because they are so intelligent, strong, efficient, hard-working and almost too attractive. An American wife would give me an inferiority complex."

Any dictionary will tell you that these adjectives describe positive qualities, not defects. At the same time, however, they *are* rather frightening in combination. Given a choice between spending time with them—in the person of his wife, mother or girl friend—or in the less-elevating company of his masculine friends, many a man would choose the latter. And so the conspiracy flourishes . . .

An investigation of this conspiracy might prove costly, yet if it succeeded the expense would be quite as worth while as the expense of the recent Communist trial in New York. For this conspiracy threatens the American home as much as Stalin's agents do, and the American home today is not only the backbone of your country, but, in the last analysis, the backbone of the free world.

Love on the Lots

WE HEAR THAT one thousand five hundred invitations have been sent out to a Hollywood star's secret wedding. —*E. M. Cotton*

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S quickest divorces, it is rumored, was obtained by a movie actress on the grounds that her husband signed his name larger than hers on the marriage register. —*Adrian Anderson*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forget These Food Fables . . .

If You Want to Stay Healthy

by GLEN R. SHEPHERD, M. D.

EVERY DAY, PATIENTS ask me: "Doctor, what can I eat? According to what I've heard and read, most foods are harmful in some way. Is this true?"

My answer is *No!* Of course, certain foods may be harmful to patients on special diets. But as far as the ordinary healthy person is concerned, many notions about food are utterly false.

As a result of misinformation, you may be denying yourself a well-balanced diet. Thus it is important to find out the facts, because fables can keep you from eating essential, nourishing and tasty foods. Why mar the fun of eating by believing any of the following myths?

1. *Food fats cause artery disease.*

Newest of the myths, this one grew out of an exaggerated research report on hardening of the arteries —medically called arteriosclerosis. No present medical evidence proves that fatty foods cause this condition.

Research has merely shown that the bumps of diseased artery linings consist mostly of a special kind of fat—cholesterol. Some people with this disease also have extra cholesterol circulating in their blood. But —and it is a big but—there is no proof that cutting down on fatty foods will decrease the amount of this special fat in the blood.

2. *Salt and meat cause high blood pressure.*

It is true that rice and other special diets for reducing high blood pressure involve restricting the salt intake. But this does not mean that salt causes the pressure rise in the first place.

Meat has nothing to do with high blood pressure nor, as some people once believed, with kidney damage. Meat is a vital food. It supplies protein, the essential compound needed constantly by the body to renew tissues. Most people need more meat—not less. This particularly applies to pregnant women and to many people past middle age.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. *Spices, coffee and tea cause peptic ulcers.*

They do not. But they can irritate an ulcer already present by increasing stomach acid secretion. It's very much as if you had an ulcer on your finger: you wouldn't scrub it with a stiff bristle brush. These foods affect ulcers the same way. But that's all.

4. *Roughage prevents constipation.*

Constipation has been oversold to people. It simply isn't true that you are constipated if you don't have a bowel movement each day. Everyone has his own individual rhythm. Some people go through life healthy having a movement every two or three days, or even less often.

The bulk naturally occurring in popcorn, cabbage, lettuce, green beans and many other green and yellow vegetables is harmless to healthy people.

With enough fluids daily, it does promote normal bowel movement. But such forced roughage as bran, various seeds and artificial roughage *in large quantities* can irritate sensitive bowels, producing in some cases actual damage.

5. *Mixing foods is dangerous.*

This is an ancient myth. Actually any food you can safely eat by itself you can eat at the same meal with any other foods that don't bother you. Cherries and milk, pickles and ice cream—any combination of foods no matter how outlandish or unappealing they may seem—are safe together.

6. *Cooking in aluminum pans is harmful.*

Nonsense. Aluminum pans are just as safe as iron, steel or other metals. No amount of aluminum that can possibly get into foods from cooking pans is poisonous in any way.

7. *Garlic lowers blood pressure, and raw onions prevent colds.*

Very possibly, garlic on your breath will keep annoying people far enough from you so they won't raise your blood pressure. Similarly, onions may keep people with colds at a safe distance. But that is their only conceivable value.

8. *Vegetable juices contain special nutritive values.*

Extravagant claims are made for these juices. No one who has investigated this dietary matter believes that carrot juice dissolves cancer or cures ulcers, or that any vegetable juice can cure heart trouble, rheumatism, diabetes, gallstones, high blood pressure or other diseases.

Actually, drinking these juices instead of eating the vegetables themselves, especially when they are raw, deprives your teeth and gums of desirable exercise.

9. *Vitamin capsules or liquids are necessary for good health.*

A normal person eating a balanced diet can expect no results from taking extra vitamins. A haphazard diet bolstered by vitamin pills may still be lacking in essential protein, minerals, or some vitamins and other food essentials not yet discovered.

Vitamins cannot substitute for foods. They are needed in extra amounts only by those people with certain diseases and deficiencies, and then they will be prescribed properly by your doctor.

10. *Certain foods are fattening while all others aren't.*

Your waistline is determined not only by how much you eat but also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by what you eat. You take on weight by eating more food energy —more calories—than you need for living and working.

All foods have some energy or caloric value, even special dietetic foods. The only way you can surely reduce is to add up the food-energy value of everything you eat and drink. If you keep this total number of calories daily below 1,000 to 1,200, you will lose weight.

The so-called fattening foods are sugars, pastries, pies, candies, potatoes and breads. Although these are the most concentrated sources of food energy, other foods also have considerable caloric value. If you neglect to count them too, then you won't lose weight.

There are countless other food myths. Like all fables, they can be shattered by knowledge—the knowledge your doctor has. Letting the myths determine the foods you eat can upset your normally balanced diet. Ahead of you then will be the chaos you've tried to avoid.

You must eat to live, but eating can be fun and your path to good health, if you select your foods on the basis of facts—not fables.

The Gift of Truth

TRUTH NEVER yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of men that seed, however broadcast, will catch somewhere and produce its hundred-fold. —THEODORE PARKER

IT IS EASIER to believe a lie that one has heard a thousand times than to believe a fact that one has never heard before.

—ROBERT LYND

IN THE MOUNTAINS of truth, you never climb in vain. Either you reach a higher point today, or you exercise your strength in order to be able to climb higher tomorrow. —FRIEDRICH W. NIETZSCHE

TRUTH, AFTER ALL, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the Goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

YOU KNOW what the witty and eloquent old Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "You needn't fear to handle the truth roughly; she is no invalid." The truth is the most robust and indestructible and formidable thing in the world. —WOODROW WILSON

THE FEWER the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

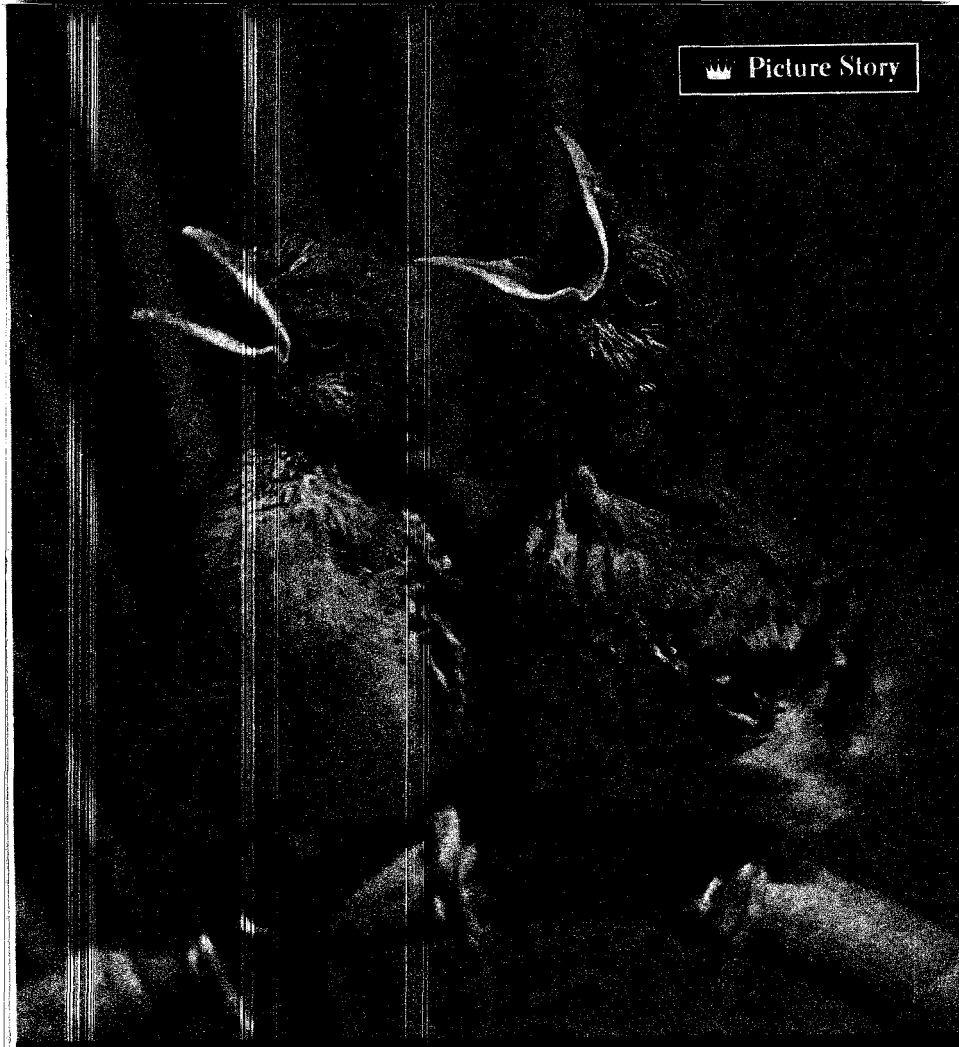
IF A THOUSAND old beliefs were ruined in our march to truth we must still march on.

—STOPFORD A. BROOKE

TRUTH IS SO important that when you discover a tiny bit of it, you forget all about everything else—and all about yourself.

—KATHARINE MANSFIELD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Picture Story

Feathered Friends

IN LOTS OF WAYS, birds have it all over people. They can fly, something no man can do without a contraption he calls an airplane. They share an easy freedom that people envy but can never imitate, a freedom to come and go or just to sit on a branch. It is a freedom that belongs to a bird from the moment he pokes his scrawny neck out of an eggshell until he soars away to a land of eternal warmth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

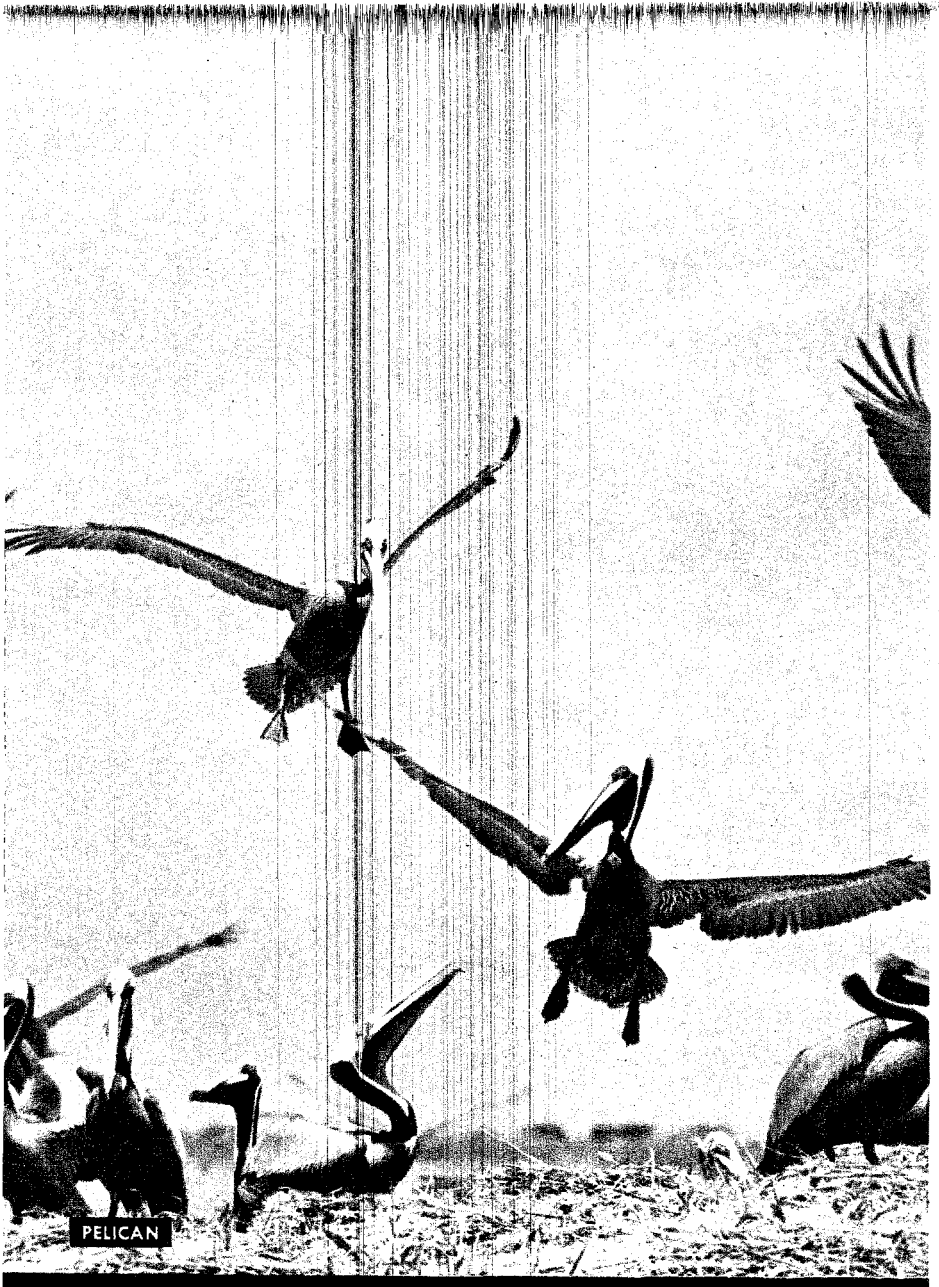
SEA GULL

Soaring effortlessly over cities and plains, a bird in flight represents one of those wild, just-out-of-reach aspirations of man, who still thinks he may, someday, fly unaided. It looks so easy when birds do it.

PIGEON

But it is not all free-flight for birds, either. Notice the concern on the faces of these prospective parents. It's a look you are apt to run across in a hospital waiting room: worry, well-mixed with pride.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



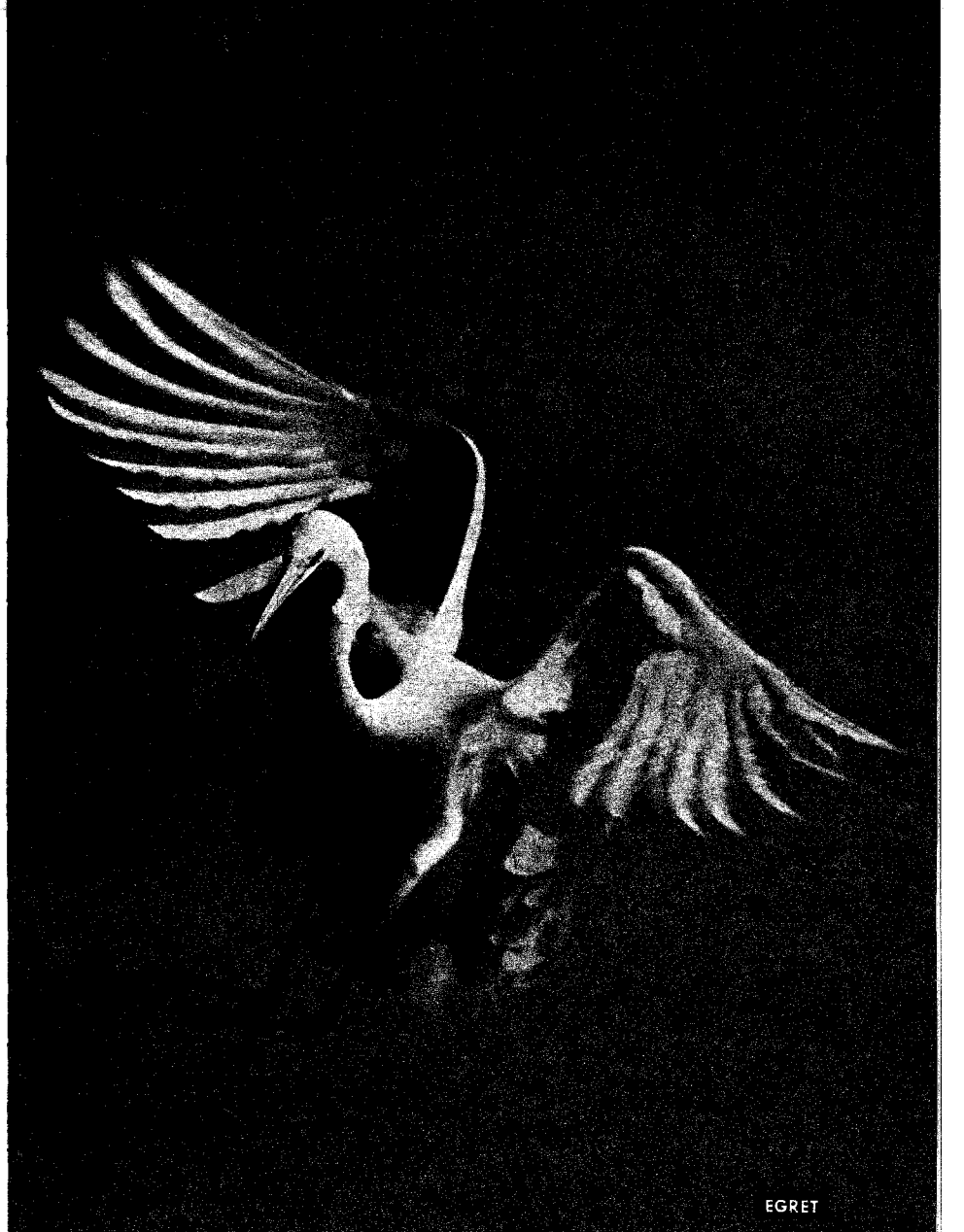
PELICAN

Poets still wax lyrical about the splendid symmetry of the feathered tribes. But poets never point out that even a slightly ungainly bird is invariably among the awkwardest and homeliest of creatures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

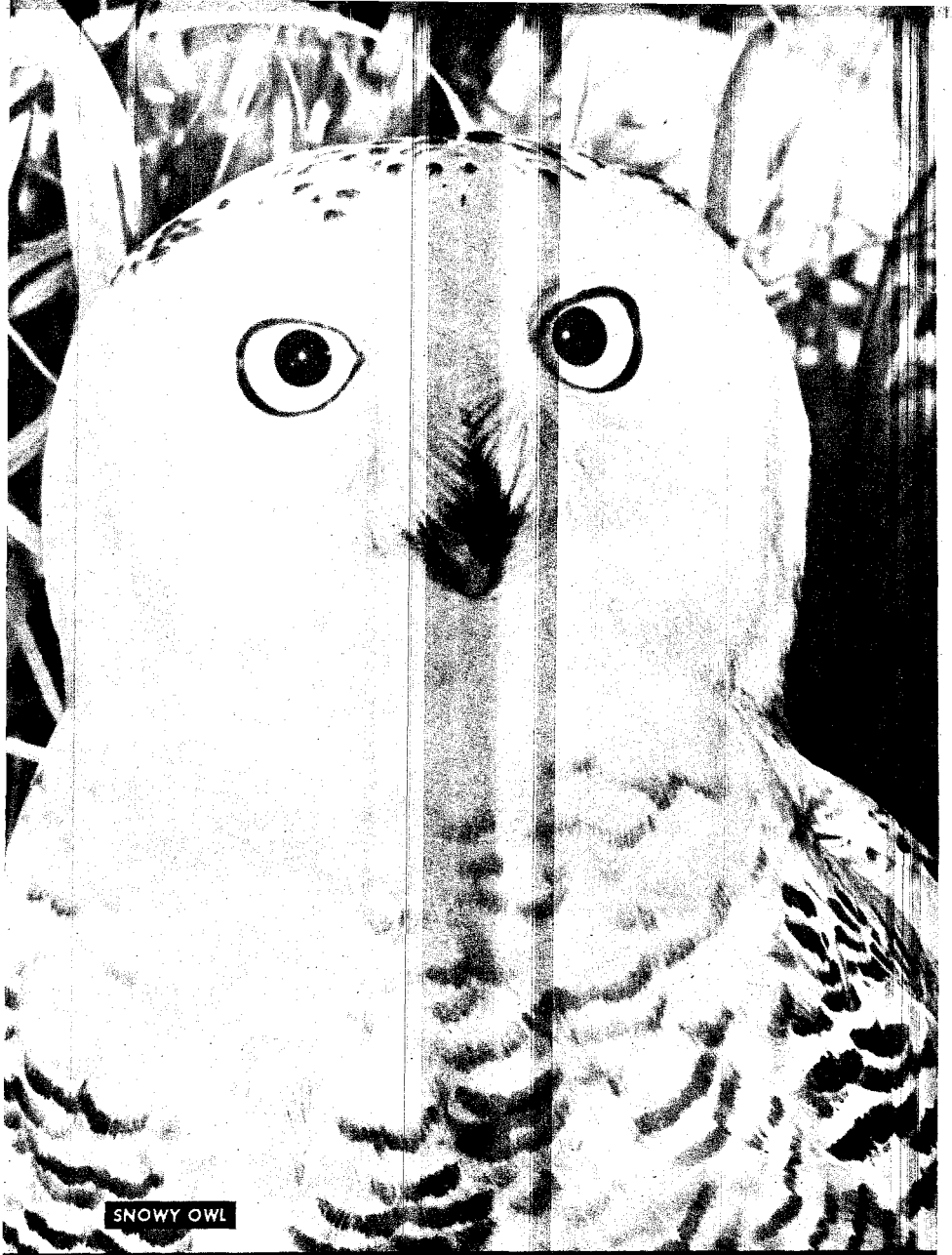
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EGRET

Women used to fancy egret feathers for their millinery. But the appeal of birds is symbolic as well as decorative: the eagle is the emblem of great nations, and pelicans and swans are recognized trademarks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

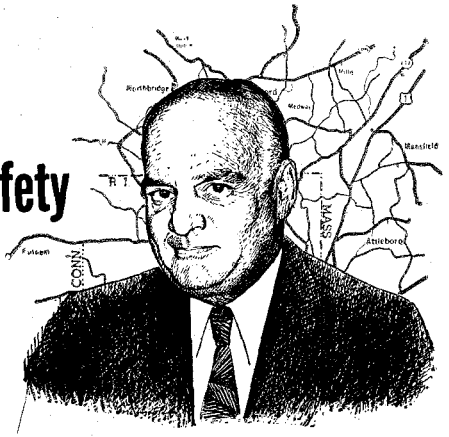


SNOWY OWL

It is a matter for conjecture that in a species marked, on the whole, by beauty and magnificence, the one bird without a vestige of either of these attributes has become a world-wide symbol of wisdom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KING of Massachusetts' Safety



by STANLEY EAMES

His dynamic showmanship, coupled with a teen-age education program, has slashed the highway death toll

THE ACCIDENT ON the rain-slick turnpike at Salisbury, Massachusetts, had been a bad one. The young soldier lay pinned in the twisted wreckage of the car; the girl had been flung into the road. An ambulance rushed them to a hospital, but it was too late.

Boston newspapers, trying to identify the victims, quickly telephoned the license-plate number to the Registry of Motor Vehicles. The clerk on duty muttered to himself as he began tracing the registration: "Rudy King isn't going to like this *at all*."

He was right. Rudolph F. King, Massachusetts' Registrar of Motor Vehicles, did not like it a bit. For this normally jovial man takes needless highway death as a personal affront—a habit which has saved uncounted lives in Massachusetts and has won him international fame in his field.

It is common knowledge that the U. S. has a wretched highway safety record, more than a million persons having died in traffic accidents since the first car was invented. In an average year, the equivalent of a small city's whole population is slaughtered.

Until eight years ago, King had only a layman's knowledge of the highly specialized field of highway safety; today he is America's top motor-vehicle administrator and the possessor of the David Beecroft Memorial Award, a kind of super-Oscar presented annually by the Society of Automotive Engineers to the man with the most outstanding record in traffic safety.

However, King uses no miracle methods. Engineering, enforcement and education are the foundation of highway safety everywhere. Rudy King clothed this skeleton with such dynamic showmanship that he made it live for the people of his commonwealth.

Sixty-four-year-old King, a bald, bustling man who could almost model for Santa Claus, took office in 1944 when the state death rate was high—7.1 persons for every 100,000,000 vehicle miles driven. Two years later, after World War II had ended, new automobiles began pouring off assembly lines and the roads became increasingly con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gested, until today Massachusetts has more than 1,739,000 drivers and 1,350,000 vehicles.

No other state has anything approaching such a problem. Yet although the national highway death rate in 1951 was 7.7, King held Massachusetts' rate down to an amazing 3.7 in 1951.

"Any state can have our program," says King, "and any state can afford it." (The Registry this fiscal year, ending June, 1952, turned over about $13,000,000 to the commonwealth, after expenses were met.) However, when he says any state can have Massachusetts' program, it should be remembered that King takes it for granted the man in charge will think nothing of a 16-hour day, will work on all holidays—will, in short, become a living symbol of safety.

HOLIDAYS MEAN extra travel everywhere. In Massachusetts, they mean an extra barrage of warnings and a host of uniformed men on the roads to see that they are obeyed.

A motorist is likely to drive along on the Fourth of July, for instance, hearing Rudy King's transcribed voice telling him, via car radio, that speeding kills or that alcohol and gasoline do not mix. The motorist's wife, should she pick up a newspaper, can hardly miss a special plea by King for courtesy and care on the highway.

Should the motorist be foolish enough to drive dangerously, King in person may pull up alongside in a black sedan and stop him for a lecture. "We're trying to save lives here," he will say after explaining the violation, "and I'm sure you want to cooperate." It never fails to impress the offender.

One March morning, King was driving to his Boston office from his home in Millis. On the Jamaicaway, an exceptionally busy Boston artery, he saw a youth devoting plenty of attention to the girl beside him, but practically none to his driving.

Within 24 hours the youngster was in King's office, listening to a blunt ultimatum: "If you want to keep your driver's license, do your romancing somewhere else except behind a wheel."

The Registrar seldom misses an opportunity to straighten out a speeder. Recently he took his seven-year-old grandson Ricky for a ride. A truck flashed past them at a "Children—Go Slow" sign. King stepped on the gas and caught up with the truck.

"Why don't you slow down?" he demanded.

"Why don't you mind your own business?" returned the trucker.

King's hand went to his pocket, but he had left his credentials at home. Red-faced, he returned to his own car.

"Well, Grandad," observed Ricky, "you didn't have much to say that time, did you?"

King restored his prestige by getting his papers and returning to wait for the sinner. This time there was no question of whose business was whose.

"Mr. King, I'm terribly sorry," the truckman apologized.

"You were going much too fast through a restricted area," the Registrar said sternly. However, his habitual good nature got the better of him, so he added, grinning,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Your State Can Do for Safety

YOU CAN SAFEGUARD yourself from injury and death on the highway by unceasing vigilance, plus courteous, sensible driving. Your state can help by providing a capable motor-vehicle administrator; and by giving him a free hand, undivided responsibility and the necessary assistants to:

Inaugurate a program of safety education.

Mark, monitor and agitate for the elimination of "Tombstone Curves" and other death traps.

Establish speed zones which slow speeders, speed slowpokes and make highways safer.

Equip highways with guide lines indicating where it is safe to pass.

Set an unremitting watch on holidays.

Make two automobile equipment inspections a year.

Provide for periodic examination of drivers.

Join in state and national safety movements, and work for better automotive legislation, a national uniform vehicle code and separate traffic courts.

"And I was driving without a license. Let's shake." They did.

King is uncompromisingly tough with drinking drivers and confirmed speeders. In half of Massachusetts' 530 deaths from traffic accidents during 1950, the driver or pedestrian—or both—had been drinking. The Registry, which has broad powers, suspended or revoked nearly 26,000 licenses or registrations in the first eight months of 1951—and most of these were lost to liquor or speeding.

A major cause of accidents in the U. S. is the teen-age driver. Not, however, in Massachusetts. There a youngster can get a license at 16, after passing a Registry oral and road test. Massachusetts' 16- to 20-year-old group has a better safety record than the 21- to 25-year bracket, and has had 45 per cent fewer accidents than the same age bracket had in 1944!

This happy situation exists because most Massachusetts youngsters learn safe driving as part of their high-school educations. Two hundred and fifty-eight high schools offer classroom courses, 160 using dual-control training cars; and nearly 44,000 students received a complete course in driver instruction in the school year which ended last June.

When King took office, there was not one training car in any high school; but since the end of World War II, the Massachusetts Automobile Dealers' Association has lend-leased more than a million dollars' worth of cars, and today any high school with qualified instructors can have one for the asking—for a dollar a year!

Grownups are not neglected in the Registry's accident-prevention plan. July is Adult Driver Education Month in Massachusetts. King inaugurated last year's with a big parade in historic Plymouth and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speeches at Plymouth Rock. During the year, the Registry had 484 radio shows, more than 100,000 "spot" announcements and the equivalent of 285 full pages of newspaper publicity on safety.

ACCORDING TO KING, the big bugaboo in driving is not manual skill. "Just watch a child maneuver his tricycle," he explains. "Attitude is what counts." And that is the main object of the Registry's whole safety program.

Education, King believes, should stretch from the cradle to the grave, since people of all ages ride in cars and walk on the streets. Nearly 500,000 Massachusetts youngsters —and perhaps half as many adults —last year heard safety talks by Registry men. At summer camps, clambakes, church suppers, the safety experts were busy telling people about crossing streets, traffic-light etiquette, night driving and the like.

King himself averages 150 speeches a year. This means many a solitary dinner for his wife Ethel, unless she happens to go along too. "When we have dinner together," King admits ruefully, "it's almost a reunion."

Born in Nova Scotia, Rudy King came to Millis as a boy. He has lived there ever since. At 14, he went to work as a grocery clerk. Four years later, he started on the bottom rung of the shoe-business ladder. He rose rapidly and as a relatively young man, became co-owner of several factories. In 1944, Gov. Leverett Saltonstall appointed him Registrar of Motor Vehicles at a salary of $10,000 a year.

In slightly embarrassed fashion, King pleads guilty to a genuine interest in his fellow man. This has led him to license many drivers that other states would automatically reject. Sufferers of multiple sclerosis, heart disease and epilepsy are driving—and safely—on Massachusetts roads today.

At first glance this would seem to be an invitation to disaster; but all such operators must be carefully examined and certified by medical authorities, and must also produce periodic certificates of fitness.

Few public servants have so strong and zealous a sense of mission as stocky, cheerful Registrar King. What moves him to such extreme devotion to duty?

"Twenty years ago," he remembers, "I was temporarily blinded by acid in a factory fire. I couldn't see anything at all for three or four days. And while I was lying in bed, wondering what lay ahead for me, I promised myself that if I ever saw again, I would miss no chance to help keep people whole."

On the basis of his Massachusetts' record, Rudy King has met his challenge.

A Quick Trick (Answer to trick on page 35)

Gauss had seen instantly that the numbers from 1 to 100 may be paired as follows: 1 and 100, 2 and 99, 3 and 98, 4 and 97, etc., and that the sum of each of these pairs is 101. Since there are exactly 50 such pairs, the problem reduces to a simple multiplication of 50 x 101 = 5050.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prepared to pay cash for half the cost of their new home. But the salesman, trying to make home ownership easy, pointed out that Charlie could borrow as much as $11,040 and use only $960 of his own money. And the mortgage would cost only $58.29 a month for interest and amortization.

Charlie and Emily thought this was fine, and so they signed. But if they had taken time for a little arithmetic, they would have discovered that their house, priced at $12,000, was going to stand them $18,447 on the day they burned the mortgage—the $960 down payment, plus 300 monthly payments of $58.29 each.

But Talbot had come prepared, thanks to a talk with his savings-bank mortgage officer. He had found out, to his amazement, that even at only four per cent interest, $1,000 borrowed today will cost $1,584, if you take 25 years to repay! But if you pay in 20 years, it will cost only $1,454.40. And if you really stretch things and get rid of the loan in 15 years, it will cost only $1,332!

Since money costs so much to "rent," Phil wondered if he should try to borrow the limit of $11,040 in the first place. Wouldn't it be better to make the car go another couple of years, cut down on new furnishings, and put $4,000 into the house? Sue agreed. They borrowed only $8,000, and decided they could wipe it out in 15 years instead of 25.

The Talbots' monthly mortgage cost was only $59.20. They were going to own their home a full ten years before their friends did. And the day they burned the mortgage, the house was going to stand them only $14,656—the $4,000 down payment, plus 180 monthly payments of $59.20 each.

Thus, by putting $3,040 more into their house at the start, Phil and Sue cut the price $3,791, and also rid themselves of debt ten years before the Wests.

REMEMBER THAT THESE examples are based on veterans' four per cent mortgage rates. If you have to pay four-and-a-half or five per cent, the difference between the two plans is even greater.

Consider the case of non-veteran Walter Blyth, who at age 35 sold his modest house and moved to a suburb because his friend, Harry Mann, was buying there. Walter and Harry had been successful in business. The $24,000 price tags on the houses didn't frighten either of them. In fact, each figured to put $15,000 down and borrow only $9,000. But they were two different kinds of money-shoppers.

Walter, making out a check for his life-insurance premium, noticed that the interest on his dividends was figured at less than three per cent. Next day he dropped in on his insurance man.

"How is it," he asked the agent, "that your company pays me less than three per cent for my money, but when I go to the bank for a mortgage they want five?"

"Glad you dropped in," said the agent. "Let's see if we can't kill two birds with one stone. You remember you wanted to increase your insurance to protect your wife when you signed for this new house?"

Walter nodded. "Yes, but what's that got to do with my mortgage?"

"Just this," replied the insurance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agent. "We'll get you more life insurance and your mortgage money at the same time."

The two bent over the desk while the agent scribbled away. "Let's see," he said, "a $9,000 mortgage and insurance to protect it. Pay it off in 20 years?"

Walter nodded.

"All right, that'll cost you $8.67 a month per $1,000 . . . nine times $8.67 . . . $78.03 a month . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Walter. "Why, even at a full five per cent rate, the bank didn't want any more than $59.40 a month."

"I understand," said the agent. "Over the 20 years, my plan will cost you 240 times $78.03, or $18,727.20. But then you'll have a cash value and dividends in that policy of $5,227.83. So your actual cost of mortgage *and* insurance is only $13,499.37. Why, assuming you could borrow money at four per cent, it would cost you $13,089.60—and your wife wouldn't be protected."

Walter signed, but he couldn't talk Harry into doing the same thing. Harry said he had all the insurance he wanted. Besides, he had made a better mortgage deal with a friend—four-and-a-half per cent and no amortization payments for ten years. However, simple calculation would have shown him how wrong he was.

REMEMBER, YOUR mortgage has to be considered as a whole. A low interest rate is desirable. But is it accompanied by other terms which are just as desirable?

The Allens boasted that they had borrowed at four per cent. But what they didn't understand was that they had signed a ten-year mortgage, even though they were paying off the loan at a 20-year rate. There was nothing dishonest in the lender's contract. At the end of ten years, the bank would be glad to refinance the balance of the mortgage—at a fee which in some cases would all but wipe out advantages of the low interest rate.

When you acquire a mortgage, what about your right to suspend payment on principal ten to fifteen years hence when a few major items —furnace, bathroom, stove—are begging for replacement? Some mortgages give you that right. It is a handy way to raise money, and an easy way to save on financing your home.

Another simple money-saving clause in mortgages is one of the most commonly overlooked—the right to pay off the bank ahead of time. When Joe Morrison bought his house, this privilege was furthest from his mind. He scoffed: "Why should I worry about paying off before it's due? What I'm worried about is—can I manage to pay in time?"

But five years after he moved in, Joe took a new job halfway across the country. He put his house up for sale. A buyer appeared at once and it looked like a quick deal, until he disclosed he was overly supplied with cash from the sale of his former house, and wanted to pay off the mortgage entirely.

The bank said no. The buyer insisted he wasn't going to pay four-and-a-half per cent on a mortgage and keep his cash in the bank for two-and-a-half. So he backed down. After the house had stood vacant for two months, Joe got worried and accepted $1,000 less from a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buyer who was ready to assume the mortgage.

Prepayment privileges must be set up when you first sign. If you are a good bargainer, you may be able to get the right to prepay any time. If you can't get that, try to get the right to pay off ahead of time in $1,000 or $2,000 amounts. You might receive a bonus or an inheritance which could do far better for you by reducing your mortgage than earning two-and-a-half per cent in the bank.

TO GET THE BEST terms, it is well to know what is being offered by savings banks, insurance companies, trust companies, national and state commercial banks, mortgage companies, Federal savings and loan, and building and loan societies. All are active lenders, competing for your mortgage *if you are buying the kind of house which appeals to them.*

Whether you are building or buying, you can save on your mortgage if you stick to easily marketable property, desirable location, accessibility to schools, shopping and transportation, and stay away from freak layouts, untried construction materials, heating and plumbing equipment. Ask yourself: "If I were the mortgage officer and had to foreclose, which type of house would I find most readily salable?" That is the kind of house on which you can get the best mortgage terms.

If you have such a house, you are most likely to get the lowest money rates, a mortgage term most convenient to your needs, prepayment privileges and other extra money-saving features, such as:

The right to add an additional loan to the mortgage in the future, without extra negotiating fees or increased interest rates.

Advantageous fire-insurance clauses. If you suffer fire damages, does the bank get the insurance check and apply it to reducing your mortgage, while you repair the damage out of your own pocket? Or do you have a say in the use of this money?

Period of grace. What notices will the mortgagee give you? How much time before he can start foreclosure proceedings?

May you lease or rent your property without his permission? May you sell without his permission?

What are the lender's rights if repairs are not kept up to his satisfaction? How much notice must he give you if he decides to take action?

Is anything besides the house included as security for the mortgage? If you add equipment, does it go under the mortgage, too?

If part of your lot is bought by the town for roads or walks, who gets the money—you or the bank?

Can you make changes in the house or garage without the lender's consent?

Who pays the fees for title search, attorneys, notary? Does the lender pay any part of these costs?

How much fire insurance must you carry to satisfy the bank?

These all may sound like remote matters, but if you don't protect yourself when you sign up, it will cost you money later.

Now, a word about second mortgages—*Don't!*

For example, the Gormans wanted that $12,000 cottage more than anything in the world. But they had only $2,000 and the bank

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wouldn't lend more than $8,000. Then a friend of the builder came along with a $2,000 second mortgage for three years. Cost: seven per cent, plus a $200 bonus.

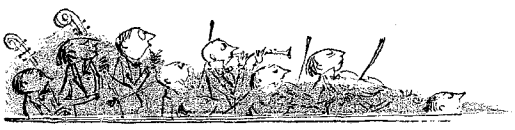
On Gorman's $75 a week, the first mortgage wasn't too difficult—$61.20 a month. But the second mortgage! Interest $11.66, principal $55. Total $66.66.

Together the mortgages cost $127.86. By the second year, the Gormans were forced to default. When the house was sold, it brought just enough for the two mortgages, and their $2,000 had evaporated.

No one disputes the value of home ownership for the average American family. And it is normal, too, that once you have seen the house of your dreams, you want to be cosily installed in it tomorrow. But don't let your eagerness blind you to the fact that you are signing a contract that you must live up to "from now on."

Draw your contract carefully and you will have a mortgage that makes home ownership comfortable for many years to come.

With the Maestros



WHEN THE FILM of Pearl Buck's novel, *The Good Earth*, was being made, the producers decided to call in special composers for some of the big scenes. Arnold Schönberg was in Hollywood, and it occurred to one up-to-date producer that a twelve-tone background might produce a fine stormy effect so he sent his representative to call on the composer and sound him out.

The story of *The Good Earth* was explained in detail, while the representative kept his eyes open to see if the composer's imagination took fire. But, except for an attitude of polite listening, Schönberg did not register. Then his caller really became eloquent in describing the big and dramatic scene.

"Think of it," he said. "There's a terrific storm going on, the wheat field is swaying in the wind, and suddenly the earth begins to tremble. An earthquake! In the midst of the earthquake, O-lan gives birth to a baby. What an opportunity!"

"With so much going on," Schönberg said mildly, "why do you need music?"—HELEN KAUFMANN

Little Book of Music Anecdotes
(*Grosset & Dunlap*)

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM was rehearsing a violin concerto. Some members of the orchestra were nervous and the timing was a bit ragged. After one or two false starts Sir Thomas leaned forward and whispered to the soloist:

"Don't look round, but I think we're being followed." —*Answers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOBS FOR ANIMALS

Milo Boulton, moderator of the Pal Blade Rod and Gun Club of the Air (Mutual Broadcasting System, Thursdays, 9:05 P.M., EDT), has selected the following 25 jobs, and invites you to link to each the animal or insect best suited for it. Twenty correct answers is excellent; 15, good; less than 10 is poor. (Answers on page 117.)

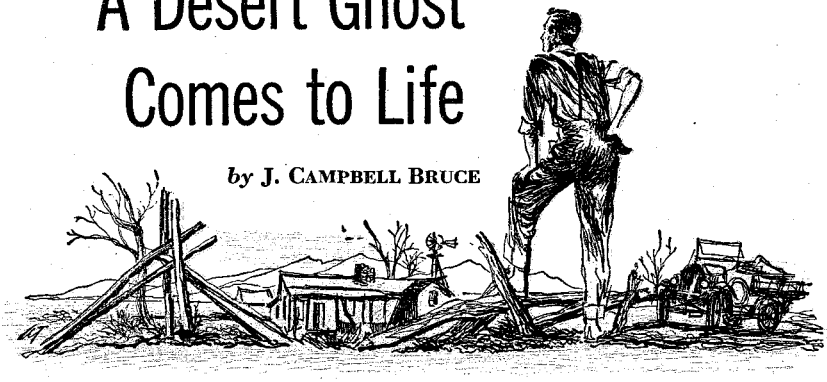
1. Dog	a. Pickpocket
2. Woodchuck	b. Weaver
3. Bee	c. Baby sitter
4. Elephant	d. Actor
5. Musk deer	e. Waiter
6. Parrot	f. Cushionmaker
7. Mule	g. Juggler
8. Cat	h. Builder
9. Pigeon	i. Singer
10. Spider	j. Electrician
11. Chimpanzee	k. Jeweler
12. Goose	l. Announcer
13. Woodpecker	m. Obstetrician
14. Magpie	n. Brushmaker
15. Stork	o. Watchman
16. Lark	p. Weatherman
17. Eel	q. Porter
18. Seal	r. Wrecker
19. Kangaroo	s. Perfumer
20. Oyster	t. Messenger
21. Termite	u. Clockmaker
22. Cuckoo	v. Trumpeter
23. Swine	w. Exterminator
24. Beaver	x. Telephone lineman
25. Penguin	y. Candymaker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Ingenuity Pays Off When . . .

A Desert Ghost Comes to Life

by J. CAMPBELL BRUCE



WHAT HAS HAPPENED to Stoddard Jess' dream of acquiring a Los Angeles bungalow court is nobody's fault but his own. It is also a remarkable saga of American ingenuity, the not-so-magic touchstone that turns the universal dream of success into hard reality.

In the Depression year of 1932, Jess, then 22, took over his uncle's mortgaged, derelict, sand-swept guest ranch in California's Mojave Desert. He had a stubborn idea he could fix it up and swap it for his dreamed-of bungalow court.

"My boy," his uncle had said, "I homesteaded that ranch years ago, sank a fortune into it—and came away broke. Even if you could put it back in shape, you'd never be able to get it off your hands. Nobody wants a guest ranch these days. What's more, the desert will get you. It'll be just one darn thing after another."

Uncle was right. In the 20 years since then, Jess hasn't got any nearer to the bungalow court of his dreams: he hasn't unloaded the ranch, and he's still fixing it up. But he doesn't complain, because he has somewhat inadvertently transformed his arid wilderness into a fruitful vale whose gross sales have topped $1,000,000 a year over the past five years.

However, it was no breeze for Jess, a 1952 counterpart of the classic Alger hero. For Jess didn't get to the top by marrying the boss' daughter. All he had was courage to face obstacles, and a willingness to use mind and muscle unsparingly. But with this equipment he traveled the typically American high road to success—a road open to anyone who will pay the toll that Jess has paid.

After the talk with his uncle, young Jess gathered in the mortgages at the Depression rate of a few cents on the dollar, traded his Model A coupe for a Model A pickup, and rattled over the mountains to the desert plateau near Victorville, California. There he came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon a scene of ruin and desolation.

The once lovely trees were leafless skeletons; the roofs of the guest cottages had caved in, and rats scurried through the dusty rubble. Water pipes were cracked by winter frosts, and the well was choked with debris. Tumbleweeds had the run of the place.

Discouraging? Jess, a slight youth with a permanent limp from a hip dislocated at birth, had inherited hardiness of spirit from a great-grandfather who led a covered-wagon train to the California Gold Rush. And brought up on a dirt farm near Van Nuys, over the hill from the then unknown Hollywood, he had early acquired a philosophy toward life that gloried in hard work. And so he pitched in.

From cold dawn far into the starlit night, Jess painted, repaired, weeded, irrigated—and the ghost came to life. With the mortgages and rejuvenation, it had set him back $1,200.

"I'd given myself six months to do the job and get out," Jess recalls. "But by now, the old place looked pretty nice. Just as uncle had predicted, I'd become a desert rat."

In town one day he met a young man with turkey-raising experience. They formed a partnership—Jess to provide a brooder house, the poults (turkey chicks) and the feed; his partner, the know-how.

"I figured this might sustain the ranch until I could work out a swap for a bungalow court. But an unexpected problem arose. My partner took to drink and left me with the birds.

"I bought him out and read up on turkeys. I found this desert plateau was an ideal spot to raise them. But I also discovered that turkeys were at best a gamble. If a bird got his feet wet, he caught cold and died. Coop too many up, they got sick. That limited flocks to about 500, and it meant hard work for a doubtful return. New nutritional findings offered the answer—a lack of proteins and vitamin A.

"With the right diet, why couldn't I raise large flocks and get a surer return? I cooked up a formula based on new ideas, borrowed to the hilt, and bought 2,000 poults. But I ran out of feed in the crucial Fall months. I borrowed $200 from a local banker, and that year, I cleared just enough to pay off my debts.

"Next Spring I borrowed again and jumped to 5,000 poults. I cleared $2,500, and next year jumped to 8,000 birds, then to 12,000. Now I market 55,000 turkeys over the holidays."

FOR FOUR YEARS Jess led the life of a recluse. Loneliness was presenting a problem of its own—happily solved one Saturday night. A guest at Widow Winkler's nearby ranch went into town on a toot, brought back the dance-hall orchestra and a bunch of revelers. Jess, called to restore order, met Frances, one of the comely Winkler girls. Thereafter she went along on trips to the miller or to market with dressed birds, and they were married, as he puts it, "between the Thanksgiving and Christmas kills."

Although the ranch lay along the Mojave River, Jess had never thought of farming. This bottom land seemed worthless. But one day Jess observed a phenomenon. Tumbleweeds that were dwarfs on the desert stood *five feet* high where he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had plowed under turkey fertilizer.

"That set me thinking: Why shouldn't the turkeys help pay their own way? So I fertilized five acres and put in alfalfa—to beautify the ranch, keep the dust down, and provide some feed."

The alfalfa grew like Jack's beanstalk. Jess planted all his acres to alfalfa and grains, then bought more land—900 acres in all. That meant hired hands, posing another problem: mounting overhead.

"It took too many men to handle the sacks of grain for milling, so I rigged up a Rube Goldberg affair—a sort of shanty on a truck bed, filled by a chute and emptied by a conveyor belt. With that, one man could do the work of four—and easier."

Hay prices skyrocketed during World War II. Jess couldn't put in more acres without additional wells, and there was a wartime clamp on pumps. However, his mild blue eyes one day beheld a solution in the mesa running alongside the ranch.

The earth, he found, had a right balance of decomposed granite for strength and clay for sealing, so he gouged out three dams. He kept the old pumps on irrigation by day, turned their flow into the reservoirs by night—and soon had ample water for new alfalfa fields.

His hay went at top prices to feeders who fattened range cattle for the packers. That set Jess thinking, too: Why couldn't he start a herd and do that? So he bought a few cows and a bull—and last year began marketing beef from his 400 sleek, well-fed Herefords.

About the time Jess figured he'd done enough fixing up around the place, he was intrigued to find that the pump water, drawn from a subterranean lake, was as pure and cold as a mountain stream. He fancied himself casting a trout fly over the surface of a reservoir. And the fancy fathered the thought: Why not?

So he stocked the reservoir with 2,000 fingerlings—just for sport—and assigned a ranch hand the daily chore of tossing in buckets of turkey pellets. Six months later he cast a fly and landed a rainbow beauty.

"I was amazed. It takes two to three years for fingerlings to grow that big—nine inches—under natural conditions. I figured it was the forced feeding."

To clinch matters, he sent a mess of his desert rainbows to a Los Angeles hotel chef—and got back a glowing report. So he built a hatchery and a series of rearing ponds, and ordered 1,000,000 eggs from Idaho at a quarter of a cent apiece. (The fingerlings had cost 12 cents each.) Then he developed a special feeding formula.

THE EXPERTS ESTIMATE a good yield at 50 per cent, but Jess marketed 700,000 big rainbows from that first million. The following spring he ordered 3,000,000 eggs and now is processing 4,000 mountain trout a day, five days a week, on an ingenious assembly line he devised as an adjunct to his quick-freeze turkey dressing plant.

Jess watches over his trout with the devotion of a mother. Recently the fingerlings in one pond began dying. He diagnosed the ailment as enteritis and prescribed terramycin ground up in horse meat. It worked wonders.

In time, 11 families came to oc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cupy the green cottages under the trees, rent and utilities free, and bachelor hands filled the 12-room bunkhouse. That presented another problem: desert life can be monotonous, particularly for kids. So Jess dug a lake cove for a swimming hole, and on the bank built a hot-dog stand, complete with refrigerator and electric stove. And he had Fourth of July fetes.

In 1951, 500 guests came, from as far as Los Angeles. On the lakeshore stood long tables laden with roast turkey, barbecued beef, pan-fried trout. Mrs. Jess turned out countless hot dogs for the youngsters. And when night came, a dazzling fireworks display lit up the heavens.

Jess still works from dawn to well beyond dusk, usually in faded old Levis, a three-day beard and a battered Stetson. And he's still the foreman, simply because he has never found a foreman who handled men to suit him.

"We're all sort of partners," says Joe Boileau, bookkeeper. "Once Jess instructs a new hand on his duties, that man is on his own. And you practically got to knock Jess down to get fired."

Jess goes out of his way to help others get a foothold, even as competitors. Harned Johnson, for instance. Foreman of a factory near Los Angeles, he was smitten by the desert after a few camping trips and asked Jess for a job.

"I'd like to learn the turkey business and go into it for myself," he admitted frankly.

Jess took him on, taught him all he knew about turkeys. In four years Johnson saved enough to buy a small place, but he lacked capital to start a flock. Jess loaned him 1,000 breeder hens and 100 toms—about $15,000 worth of birds. He also provided the feed on credit, then bought the eggs—at a nice profit for Johnson

Now Johnson runs his own flock. Jess processes and markets his new competitor's birds—at cost.

"You run across a man like Jess about once in a lifetime," says Johnson.

Jess could retire to a life of luxury, but his mind behaves too much like one of his own incubators. He's already expanding into a new field —raising worms. He hopes thereby to cut down his trout feed bill, which averages $20,000 a month.

Yes, uncle was right. Ever since Stoddard Jess, a man with ideas, came out to this ghost ranch on the Mojave, it's been just one darn thing after another.

Monkeywise

THE VISITOR at the zoo was very disappointed to find the monkey cages empty. A guard explained that it was the mating season and the animals stayed in their houses. "Would they come out if I offered them a banana?" asked the visitor wistfully.

"I don't know, madam," replied the attendant, and added, "Would you?"

—FRANCES RODMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I FOUND WAINWRIGHT IN PRISON CAMP

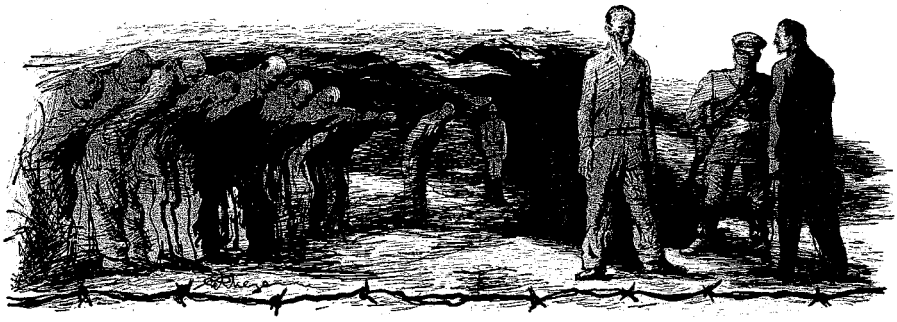
by MARCEL JUNOD

OUT OF 300,000 prisoners captured by the Japanese in the first months of the war in the Pacific, 100,000 were already dead when the day of liberation dawned. The 200,000 survivors staggered emaciated and exhausted from remote villages and prison camps scattered over Japan, or in the interior of the Asiatic mainland, from the rocky shores of the Banda Sea to the Burma jungle.

During their years of ordeal, an almost insurmountable barrier surrounded them. It was not only the physical prison that held them, or the enormous distances that separated them from their homes and from those who were fighting so desperately to liberate them, but their complete isolation among a race whose language and customs were completely foreign.

On rare occasions, outsiders were able to penetrate their cruel isolation. Three Swiss who had lived in Tokyo for years accepted the thankless task of representing the International Committee of the Red Cross in Japan. Twice they were allowed to visit prison camps on Formosa. But it was not until November, 1943, after a year of silence, that they were allowed to go to Manchuria, and even then they were permitted to visit only one camp, that in Mukden.

How many other camps were there in the parched mountainous lands in which American, British and Dutch prisoners slowly rotted, cut off from the world? Where was General Percival, defender of Singapore? Where was Starkenborgh, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies? And where was Gen-



From *Warrior Without Weapons* by Marcel Junod. Copyright, 1951, by the Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral Wainwright, hero of Corregidor? Only the Japanese knew.

When my wife and I arrived in Hsinking, Manchuria, on August 1, 1945, we were "taken in charge" by a group of Japanese, who treated us as honored guests but who never let us out of sight for an instant. In the train which carried us to the Manchurian capital, I pointed out to our vigilant guides that our mission would be very inadequate if it were confined to a few brief visits to hospitals.

"At Hsinking our honorable guests will have an opportunity of expressing their desires," was the noncommittal reply.

But the words were meaningless. During three days in Hsinking, I did everything I could to persuade the Japanese to let me see the prisoners. All the notables maintained the same embarrassed silence, masked by their usual smiles of excessive affability.

We left for Mukden on August 5 in a train packed with Japanese troops, being sent to repulse a Soviet invasion. At Mukden, I sent my card to Colonel Matsuda, commander of all prisoners in Manchuria. Promptly he replied, saying that we could visit a camp on the city's outskirts at 9 o'clock next morning.

Matsuda was a short man with broad shoulders. He had a big jaw and large teeth, and above a turned-up nose wore large horn-rimmed glasses. Accompanied by two officers, each of whom ceremoniously carried a sheathed saber as he did, he advanced solemnly up the hall of the Hotel Yamata. The three Japanese bowed profoundly three times as they approached, thereby erecting at once that barrier of rigid politeness which distanced them so effectively.

We were driven out to the camp. As we emerged from the suburbs, we came to a large white wall, barbed wire and a watchtower. The Colonel took us into the officers' mess, where he sank down in an armchair, invited all present to do the same and then made himself comfortable, both hands on the hilt of his saber. About a score of Japanese officers who were present imitated his gestures exactly.

AFTER MARGHERITA and I took our places in two chairs, Matsuda proceeded to deliver a lecture as though he were a professor talking to students.

"When the prisoners arrived from the tropics," he recalled in a tone suggesting he was much moved, "they were pitiful. Dressed only in shirts and shorts, they had not stood the icy Manchuria winter very well. Many died of pneumonia and malaria, despite the excellent attention showered on them."

At the end of each sentence, he raised his right hand and tapped himself on the neck two or three times, accompanying the strange gesture with the sonorous exclamation, "*Na!*" And all his admiring officers responded with an obedient chorus of "*Na!*"

Margherita and I looked at each other. The time limit for our visit was two hours. Finally I interrupted the Colonel's flow.

"I am impatient to be shown a camp so well organized and so comfortable," I said.

Matsuda found it impossible to do any more stalling, and so with a great clanking of sabers the party

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rose and paraded outside. At the top of the hospital steps four men stood stiffly at attention, clad only in shirts and shorts. They were the first prisoners of war I had seen in Manchuria!

As our cortege mounted the steps, the four men bowed low, arms held tightly to their sides, until their heads were almost on a level with their knees. Making an effort not to show my indignation, I said, "That's not the way in which Occidental soldiers salute."

"No, it's the Japanese manner," replied Matsuda with his eternal smile.

We were taken along a corridor with sick rooms on either side. Standing by the wall near each door were three or four sick prisoners, all of whom bowed low as we approached. Those men who were unable to rise were seated tailor-fashion on their beds, arms crossed on their chests, and they too bowed as low as bandages, wounds or mutilations would permit.

When the last Japanese had passed, the prisoners resumed the upright position, eyes raised to the ceiling. Never once did their glances meet ours.

The palms of my hands were wet and Margherita had turned white with rage. Matsuda tried to lead us on, but I stopped before a group of four prisoners.

"Is there a doctor among you?" I asked.

No one answered, and the Japanese kept silent. I stood directly in front of a big fellow who towered above me. I could see only his chin and his stretched neck as he looked at the ceiling. Not a muscle stirred.

I turned grimly to Matsuda. "Why doesn't he reply?" I asked.

The Japanese were stupefied at my audacity, but Matsuda was evidently unwilling to risk an unpleasant incident, so he indicated one of the men standing against the wall. "This Australian is a doctor," he said.

I went toward my Australian colleague with outstretched hand. I had to overcome a lump in my throat to get out the banal words, "How do you do?"

The man lowered his eyes, but not to me. It was at Matsuda he looked; it was the Colonel's permission he sought. After several long seconds his hand slowly rose to clasp mine.

I told him briefly who I was and why I had come. He replied in monosyllables, and each time before he spoke I could see that he silently sought Matsuda's approval.

Finally I let go of the Australian's trembling hand. He stiffened back to attention and again his eyes rose to the ceiling.

Our visit to the camp ended with an inspection of the cemetery, a few miles out in the country. There was a hill on which a large white cross dominated a few hundred smaller ones set in lines.

Passing along the lines, I read the names of 200 British, Dutch and American soldiers. Bitter sadness descended on me. I knew that, behind me, 1,600 prisoners in the mountains of Manchuria lost a little more hope every passing day. I had been able to see only a few slaves with bowed backs, whose lips had remained as silent as these tombs. . . .

"You asked to see General Wainwright?" It was Matsuda speaking, and the question was put calmly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the way back to the Hotel Yamata.

I looked at him in astonishment, seeking to discover the trap behind his words. He smiled broadly, and seemed perfectly content to tell me now that after numerous telegrams between Mukden, Hsinking and Tokyo, permission to see Wainwright had been granted.

"Tomorrow we go to Seihan where he is interned. The camp is the place of detention for 15 superior officers whom we regard as important prisoners of war."

NEXT MORNING we reached Seihan by car. As we passed through the camp gates, we observed Japanese soldiers hurriedly driving one or two men back into a large building. A book left on a bench and two tennis rackets near an improvised court seemed to suggest that Matsuda's glowing accounts of prison-camp conditions were nearer the truth this time.

"They are allowed a great deal of freedom," he said. "Sports, lectures, and so on." Then he told his secretary to translate the following to us: "You are authorized to visit the camp provided you give your word of honor that you will make no gesture of sympathy to the prisoners and that you will not say a word, even 'Good morning'."

I turned to Matsuda: "You say there are 15 superior officers here. I will agree not to say a word to 14 of them, but you must allow me to tell at least one that I represent the Red Cross. I must be able to inquire about his health, to tell him that his family received his last message, and to ask him whether he has any request to make."

Matsuda sucked in air violently. "Which prisoner do you desire to talk to?"

"General Wainwright."

"Very good. But you will give your word of honor that you will say nothing whatever to the others?"

"I will."

We walked toward a gray house, where a long corridor went from end to end with doors on either side. I had difficulty in realizing I was about to come face to face with the hero of Corregidor, the defender of Singapore, the Governor of the Dutch East Indies and 12 other soldiers of high rank whose armies were still fighting in the Pacific.

Then, suddenly, a disturbing sight presented itself. There they stood, upright and motionless in the middle of a room. Then they bowed low, arms close to their bodies, as Matsuda's saber rapped on the floor. But it seemed that the last man in the row refused to submit to this humiliation, and he remained upright.

"General Wainwright!" I cried.

Nothing, it seemed, had broken his spirit. His voice was still vibrant as he replied to the absurdly abrupt questions which I was told that I could ask.

"General, how are you?"

"Not bad. My right hip is giving me less trouble."

"I am happy to tell you that your family is well and that they received your last message safely."

"Thank you."

"Have you any request to make?"

"Certainly," said Wainwright, looking toward the colonel. "Can I make it now?"

"No," put in Matsuda, hurriedly. "It will have to be made in writing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ghost of a smile passed over Wainwright's lips. The door was closed behind us. The interview was at an end. I left the house, almost hustled out by the Japanese, who seemed to fear I would shout "good-by."

We had gone only a few steps when I heard a violent altercation and then shouts. Suddenly a thin, nervous-looking man broke through the sentries and ran toward us.

"Excuse me," he said breathlessly. "I am General Percival. I protest that you have been authorized to talk to General Wainwright while I am senior officer here. There is a lot I should like to tell you."

But already he was surrounded by guards who sought to take him away. What could I do? I had given my word to Matsuda that I would speak only to Wainwright.

I turned to the interpreter and said to him loudly in English, so that Percival would understand: "This is an impossible situation. Please ask Colonel Matsuda to give me permission to make explanations to General Percival. When I asked permission to speak to Wainwright, I did not know that Percival was senior officer here."

The Japanese put their heads together and Percival did not take his eyes off my face. Matsuda gave way again. "One minute, then," he said grudgingly.

Eagerly I turned to Percival and explained rapidly who I was, and the conditions imposed on my visit.

"When will you come again?" he asked.

"As soon as I can," I replied.

The Japanese escorted me away while the guards took Percival back to the house. I still heard his voice as he went: "Promise me to come back. Promise me to come back. . . ."

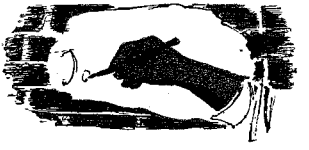
I had no need to go back. On that very day, August 6, 1945, more than 1,000 miles away, the first atomic bomb had exploded over Hiroshima.

Three weeks later, on mounting the steps of the New Grand Hotel in Yokohama, I saw two high officers coming toward me in new uniforms, with many decorations on their chests.

"Pleased to see you again, Monsieur Junod," said General Wainwright, smiling. "MacArthur has allowed us to return your visit."

And General Percival added: "This time we shall be able to talk in peace."

I Believe

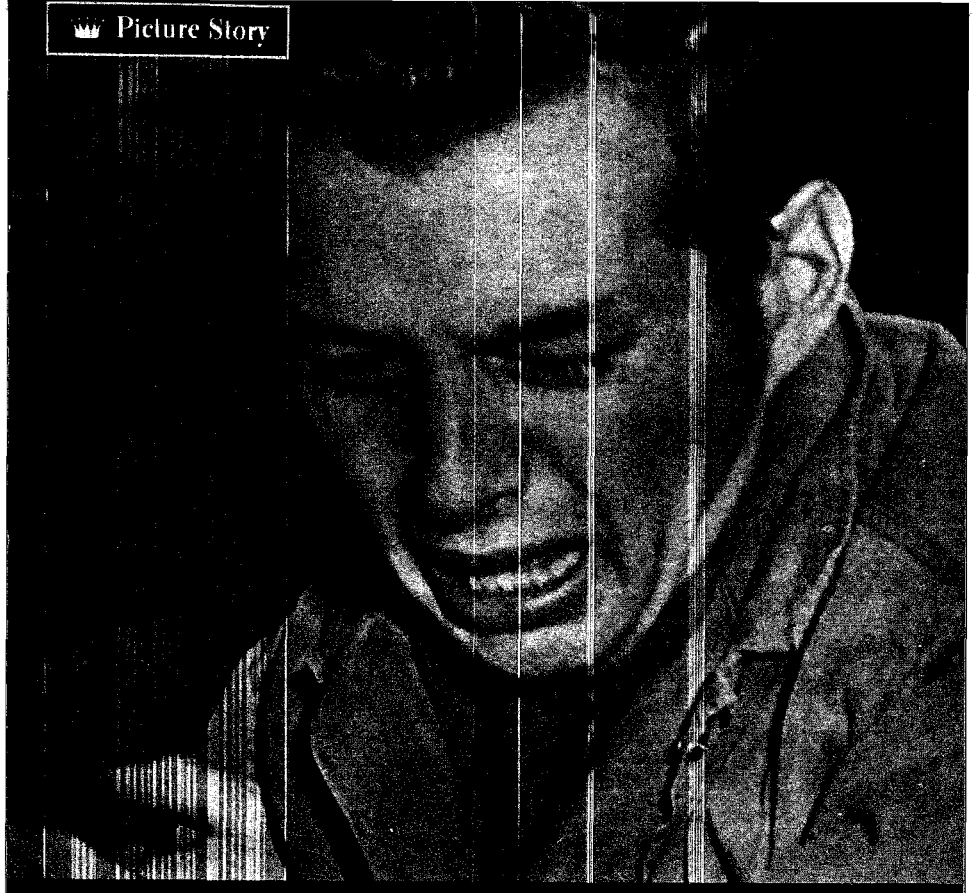


ON THE WALL of a cellar in Cologne, where a number of escaped prisoners of war hid out for the duration, there was found this inscription: "I believe in the sun, even when it is not shining. I believe in love, even when feeling it not. I believe in God, even when He is silent."

—LOUIS BINSTOCK *The Power of Faith* (*Prentice Hall, Inc.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story



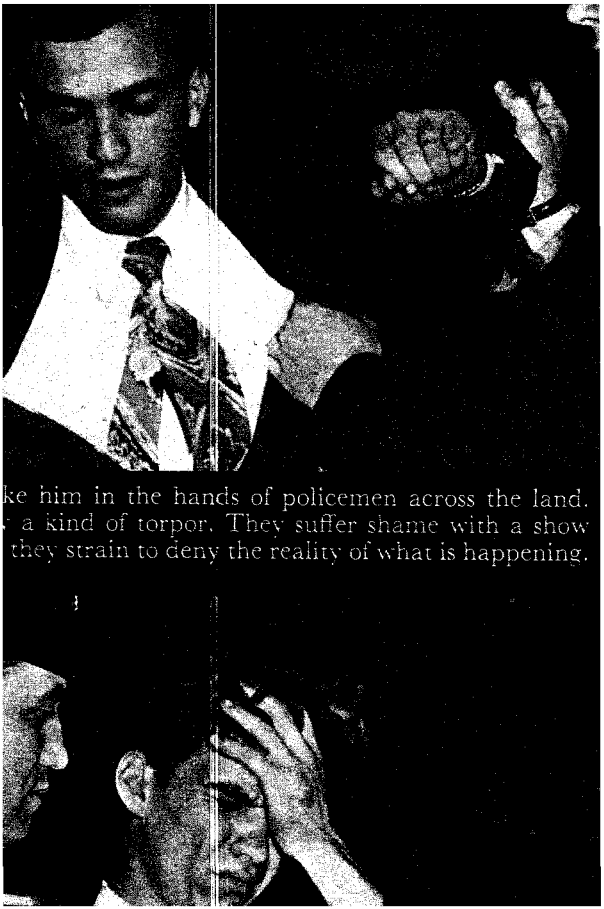
The Price of Crime

WITH AGONIZED eloquence, the face of this man tells the story of crime. It is the face of a man who has murdered, and whose penalty is an infinity of bleak tomorrows. It is the face of a man who knows that no matter how long he lives, he will never rest again.

Newspapers measure crime with figures: "Killer Sentenced to 99 Years"; "Thieves Make Off with $100,000 Gems." But cold type doesn't convey human agony. Suffering cannot be measured in bare statistics. A father, standing awkwardly in the deserted corridor of a courtroom for a last look at his son—*he* knows the price of crime. And a man who has lost his place among free men, he knows it, too.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ke him in the hands of policemen across the land.
a kind of torpor. They suffer shame with a show
they strain to deny the reality of what is happening.

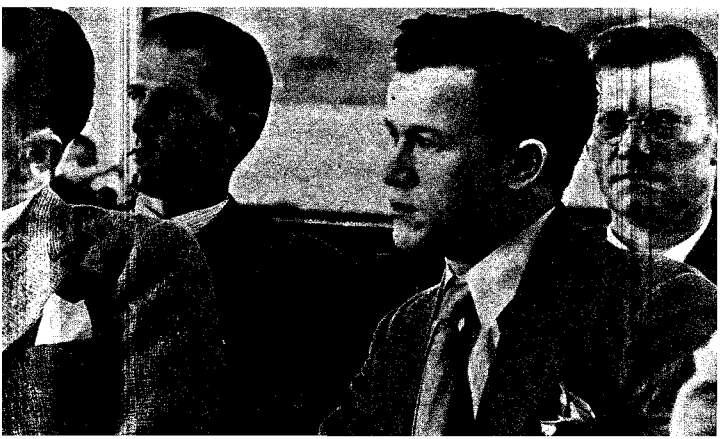
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are some—strange, twisted, lost souls—whose faces betray
ing, neither hostility nor regret, neither hope nor futility. It is as t
they themselves had become the victims of their own crimes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

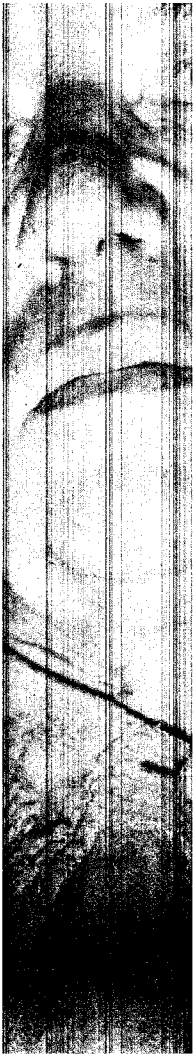
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

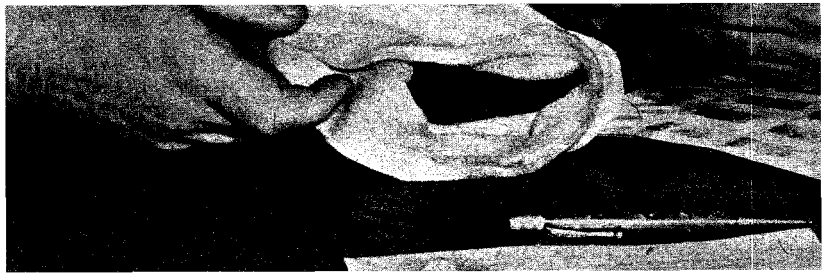


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

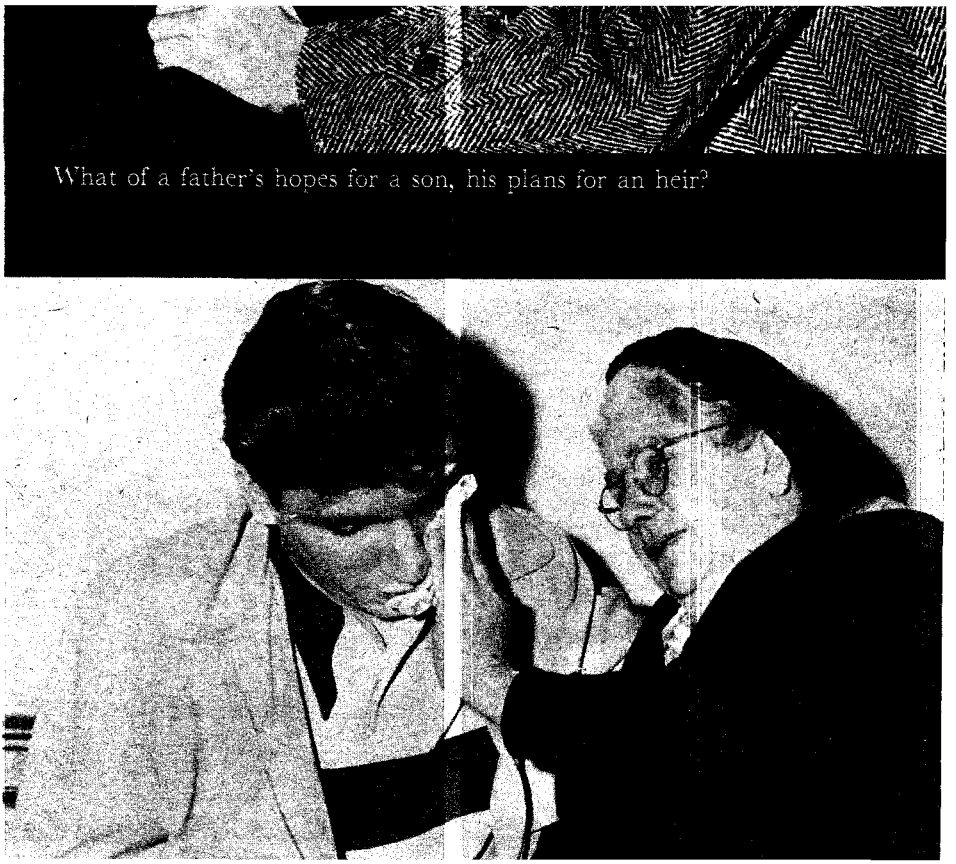
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What of a father's hopes for a son, his plans for an heir?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . it comes by day: they cannot forget those for whom day is filtered by iron bars. It comes with an aching void because they are far away, and with hopeless hunger when they are near, yet always remote, alone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But for the criminal, the penalty of law is only a beginning. His retribution is infinite. Gone are his present and future. Gone is everything but the hope that he may someday wipe away the blot on his [illegible]

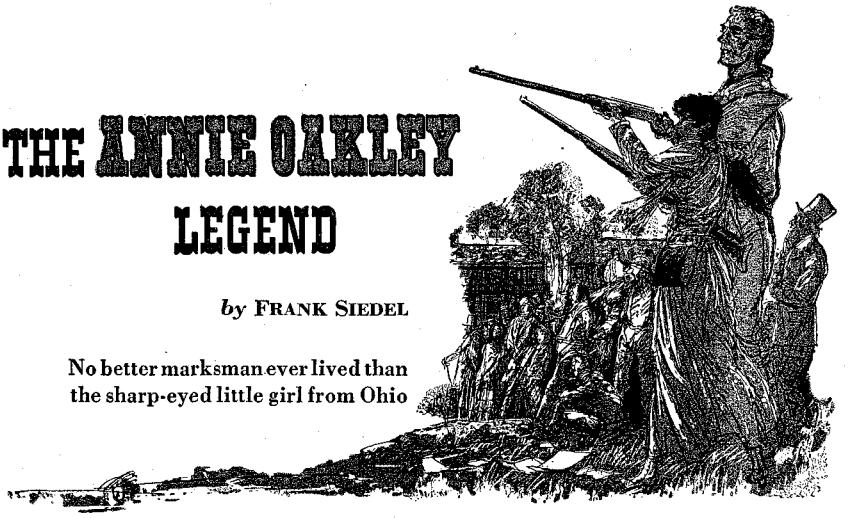
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANNIE OAKLEY LEGEND

by FRANK SIEDEL

No better marksman ever lived than the sharp-eyed little girl from Ohio



IT IS AN OLD tradition of the theater that the best seats in the house are usually identified by a little hole punched in the body of the ticket. Such seats are not for sale—they are given away with the compliments of the management.

From Broadway to the world over, such tickets are known as "Annie Oakleys." Where did the name come from? It came from a little girl whose face was tanned by Ohio sunshine, whose eyes were as clear as raindrops. It came from the crack of a rifle, the roar of the crowd, the applause of men and kings. It came from Annie Oakley.

In the Hamlet of Greenville, Ohio, on a summer morning in 1873, the men who gathered at the Martin & Chenowith office to meet the Cincinnati stage were not talking of the proposed new state constitution or the failure of the local banks, but of Annie Oakley.

Annie was one of eight children and although she was only 13, she was her family's main source of support. That in itself wouldn't have been enough to win her a place in the serious considerations at Martin & Chenowith's; it was the means by which she accomplished the worthy end that interested them.

Jared Macomber put it in a nutshell. "I thought my Pa could shoot," he said, "but that little Annie makes it seem like he was blind."

Everyone nodded. Then Macomber pointed down the stage road. "Dust!" he said.

One by one the men took their places leisurely along the side of the road. Presently the travelworn, red stage jangled to a halt.

Macomber asked the question that was on everyone's mind. "Did he buy 'em?"

Jesse Jago clambered down with the peculiar dignity of the Martin & Chenowith drivers.

"He sure did. Said he'd buy every bird like it we could send him."

"I'll tell Annie," Macomber said;

From *The Ohio Story* by Frank Siedel. Copyright, 1952, by the World Publishing Company, 107 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and then he departed abruptly.

Several hours previously, Jago had pulled up in front of the famed Gibson House at the Cincinnati end of his run.

"Got a box for you from Greenville," he announced to the manager.

"Greenville? Don't know anybody in Greenville."

"Note goes with it," Jesse said, handing over a soiled slip of paper.

The manager read slowly . . . "I am sending you five dozen quail. I hope you can use them in your hotel. A. Oakley." He looked up at Jesse. "You tell your friend at Greenville that the Gibson House will never serve guests quail that have been riddled with buckshot." He turned away.

"All right," said Jesse, "but if I was you, I'd have a look. Might be he didn't use buckshot."

The manager picked up a bird, examined it closely. He picked up another. Then he turned to Jesse. "Never saw anything like it in my life. Do you know every one of these birds has been shot plumb through the head?"

"Yeah," Jesse smiled, "I know it. What'll you pay and how many do you want?"

LATE IN THE SPRING of 1876, the manager of Gibson House again met the stage.

"Jesse," he said, "is that A. Oakley still in Greenville?"

"Yep," Jesse said. "Be sendin' more quail any day now."

"Never mind about quail. Can you get him up here?"

"What for?" Jesse asked.

In answer, the manager produced a poster announcing in circus-style letters the appearance of "FRANK BUTLER, WORLD'S CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT."

"You know he has a standing offer of $100 to anybody who can outshoot him?" asked the manager.

"Has he now?" Jesse muttered, stroking his chin.

"That's right. And what's more, I've already bet him another $100 that I know a fella who can beat him. Word's all over town. Everybody's betting on that Oakley fella. Can you get him to come up?"

"I'll fetch A. Oakley, providin' the match goes on regardless of Oakley's age or size or looks."

"I don't care what he looks like. He can shoot, that's all that we care about. See you Saturday."

Never was there such a crowd at the Gibson House as on that Saturday. Quail shot through the head had been the talk of Cincinnati for months. Now it seemed that everyone was on hand for the appearance of A. Oakley.

A lithe, willowy girl slowly made her way through the crowd to the center of excitement. A pink checkered skirt hung nearly to her ankles. A sunbonnet framed her finely chiseled face. There were tiny crow's feet alongside a pair of extraordinarily bright eyes. The young lady addressed the man who was making the most commotion.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I reckon you're lookin' for me. My name's Annie Oakley."

A roar of protest went up from the crowd. The quick-thinkers rushed to cover their bets, others surged around the manager of Gibson House demanding that the match be called off. Then Jesse Jago came up. He handled his rifle casually, almost carelessly. The hub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bub died. Jesse spoke softly, as he always did. "One of the conditions of this match was that it goes on exactly as scheduled, no matter what A. Oakley looked like."

The rest of the story is still told on winter nights when men are fondly cleaning their rifles. The little girl from backwoods Ohio fired shoulder to shoulder with the world's champion rifle shot, scoring hit for hit. On one of the last rounds, Butler missed. Annie Oakley never missed.

Had the story ended there it still would have been told. But the Oakley tradition was just beginning. To the delight of all future storytellers, Annie and Frank were married a year later.

They teamed up professionally, too, and their act was sensational. It was inevitable that the Butlers and Buffalo Bill Cody would get together, but it took some arranging.

Buffalo Bill had organized a Wild West troupe, but after its first few seasons the company was deeply in debt. Buffalo Bill knew that Annie Oakley could save his troupe, but he was afraid he could not meet her salary.

Finally, desperate to save the show, Cody's manager arranged for Annie and Frank to appear on the show grounds outside Buffalo Bill's tent. Annie started shooting, and since there were strict rules about that, Cody rushed from his tent, intending to put a halt to it. What he saw stopped him in his tracks.

Frank Butler grabbed six small balls, tossed them high in the air. Annie grabbed a gun from the table, broke two of them, set that gun down, picked up another, shot down two more, changed to a third gun and shot the last two balls before they touched the ground.

Cody was convinced that at any cost, Annie Oakley had to join the troupe. From that day onward the Wild West show began breaking attendance records. By the time it had toured the nation, Annie Oakley had become the best-known and probably the best-loved performer of her generation.

It was during the Buffalo Bill days that the ticket tradition developed. There are as many versions of that story as there are showmen, but the most universally accepted has it that sometime during her act, probably at the beginning, Cody introduced Annie with a great flourish. She entered the arena on a galloping white horse, shooting as she came.

Cody then tossed bundles of cards into the air. Annie put rifle bullets through as many as she could before they reached the floor. The cards fell among the audience and a ticket with a bullet hole could be turned in at the box office for a refund of admission.

And to this day, tickets with holes in them are known as "Annie Oakleys"—a strange kind of immortality for a girl from backwoods Ohio, who had eyes that could see quicker than the speed of a rifle bullet.

Jobs for Animals (Answers to quiz on page 89)

1. O; 2. P; 3. Y; 4. V; 5. S; 6. L; 7. Q; 8. W; 9. T; 10. B; 11. D; 12. F; 13. X; 14. A; 15. M; 16. I; 17. J; 18. G; 19. C; 20. K; 21. R; 22. U; 23. N; 24. H; 25. E.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRIN AND

THE VISITOR from across the mountain leaned on the rail fence, watching his old friend plow.

"I don't like to butt in," he said finally, "but you could save yourself a lot of work by saying 'gee' and 'haw' to that mule instead of just tugging on those lines."

The old-timer pulled a big handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow. "Yep," he agreed, "I know that. But this son-of-a-gun kicked me six years ago and I ain't spoke to him since."

A CHAP WITH A wife addicted to luxury-living was asked if he was able to earn money as fast as she could spend it.

"She doesn't bother me," he replied. "It's this guy Truman I can't keep up with!" —*Wall Street Journal*

"THIS BED," the antique dealer confided, "belonged to my great-great-grandmother."

"Sure," replied the unbelieving prospect, "no doubt one of the beds Washington slept in."

"Very likely, sir . . . though of course you'd never get grandmother to admit that." —HERBERT MILLER

THE SALESMAN climaxed his spiel to the reluctant prospect with: "Just think, you put a small deposit down and then make no more payments for six months."

With a start of surprise, the prospect exclaimed, "Who told you about us?" —*Tracks*

EN ROUTE FROM the railroad station to the hotel, the happy honeymooners were locked in each other's arms when the girl suddenly broke the embrace and said sharply to the taxi driver, "Mister, will you *please* stop gawking in that rear-view mirror?"

"Forgive me, ma'am," he replied apologetically. "I never can remember that necking isn't a spectator sport." —CLIFF WALTERS

"NOW, ABOUT YOUR references," said the prospective mistress to the girl who had applied for the position of maid.

"What references?" said the applicant.

"My dear girl, I stated clearly in the ad, 'Excellent references.'"

"Goodness," said the girl. "I thought that applied to you!" —*Twaddle*

"DID YOU GET home all right from the party last night?" a man was asked.

"No trouble at all," he replied, "except that just as I was turning into my street, some fool stepped on my fingers." —*The Archer*

A YOUNG TIGER hunter was advised by a veteran hunter: "Hunt at night, because then you can see the tiger's eyes shining in the dark—and shoot between the eyes."

The novice returned after the hunt without a kill. The veteran

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHARE IT

asked if he had done his hunting at night, and if he had seen the tiger's eyes and aimed between them.

"Yes, but tigers are getting smarter," said the novice. "They walk in pairs now, and each keeps one eye closed." —HARRY HERSHFIELD

A SUBURBAN HUSBAND took his wife and her mother for a Sunday afternoon drive. Exasperated by their joint remarks from the rear seat, he finally snarled, "Listen, Jeannie, who's driving this car—you or your mother?"

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

A MAN FELL from a six-story window to the sidewalk. A crowd quickly gathered and a cop bustled up and asked him the cause of the excitement. "I don't know," he admitted, "I just got here!"

—EARL WILSON

A CALIFORNIA neurotic who thought she was ill but wasn't, visited a psychiatrist who had set himself up in business on the strength of a mail-order diploma.

"I can see," said the quack gravely, "that you have an unusual complaint. Please stand in front of this table." She did. "Now place your right leg on the table." She did. "Now your left." She tried, and naturally fell flat on the floor.

"Tell me, madam," said the phony after the lady came to, "how long have you been subject to these fainting spells?" —HAROLD F. SCHWIEM

"WHAT COLOR costume are you planning to wear to the fancy-dress ball?" a friend asked Mrs. Smith.

"Since we're supposed to wear something to match our husbands' hair, I'm going to wear black," Mrs. Smith answered. "What will you wear?"

"Gracious me I'd forgotten about that!" the friend exclaimed in consternation. "I don't think I'll go!"

—*Judy's Spectator*

"MOTHER," INQUIRED the pretty teen-ager, "would it be all right for me to invite three Air Force cadets for dinner?"

"Of course, dear. But how will you entertain three of them?"

"That'll be easy," explained the girl. "Two of them like television."

—JAMES SANAKER

THE BANK CASHIER was courteous but firm. "I regret, madame," he said, "that I cannot cash your check unless you produce someone to identify you."

"Oh, of course! My friend here, Mrs. Blank, will do that."

"But I'm not acquainted with her," continued the cashier.

"How silly of me! I forgot to introduce you!" —FRANCES RODMAN

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Battle with a Leopard

by CARL AKELEY

What happens when an inexperienced hunter grows careless in the African bush

THERE IS NOTHING in Africa more ferocious than the leopard. His stealthy approach and terrifying attack have meant death for many an unwary hunter. Unlike the lion or the elephant, the leopard is a solitary creature, moving through the bush without a sound and almost always under cover of night. In every way he is more cunning than the lion, and infinitely more difficult to track down and drive from his lair.

I shall never forget the first time I came face to face with a leopard. The encounter took place on my first trip to Africa, when I was just out of my twenties. If the odds had been a little more in the leopard's favor, this adventure and the many others Africa held for me would never have been recorded.

We had spent three days on the great waterless Somaliland desert in search of ostriches. Soon after I had left camp on the third morning, I caught sight of an old hyena and shot him, for the hyenas had been giving us a great deal of trouble at camp.

Later that afternoon, I started back to camp, and as we came near the locality where I had killed the hyena in the morning, I decided to have a look at the place, thinking I might get a shot at another hyena, which might be prowling around in the neighborhood.

But if I had been thinking seriously, I would not have expected to find a hyena over the remains of his brother, because I knew perfectly well that hyenas do not eat their kind. And I also knew that a leopard is about the only animal that enjoys hyena flesh.

My boy led me to the spot I was seeking but the dead hyena was nowhere in sight. A bloody trail which we could barely make out in the falling dusk showed us where he had been dragged away. I stood there for a moment reconnoitering, then a faint sound attracted my

From *Lions, Gorillas and Their Neighbors*, by Carl and Mary L. Jobe Akeley. Copyright, 1932, by the authors and published by Dodd, Mead & Company, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attention. Glancing quickly to one side, I got a glimpse of a large, shadowy form moving stealthily behind a bush.

As I had been walking toward the slight rise of ground, I had been aware that there were four soft-nose, hollow points in the magazine of my .303 rifle and a steel-jacketed cartridge in the chamber. I had withdrawn this latter, retaining it in my left hand, and had pumped in a soft-nose cartridge.

If at this point I had stopped to think, instead of merely "thinking I was thinking," I should have gone immediately to camp; but instead I followed the trail in the sand as it led me around one bush after another.

Then I did a very foolish thing. Without a clear sight of what I was shooting at, I fired hastily into the bush. Immediately came an answer. The snarl and guttural profanity of a leopard told me, in no uncertain words, what kind of customer I was taking chances with.

Now a leopard is one of the most formidable of antagonists. He has every one of the nine lives attributed to the cat. To kill him, you have got to kill him from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and at that to "kill him dead" as the old hunters say.

Added to his "nine lives," a leopard, unlike a lion, is vindictive, and when wounded will fight to an absolute finish, no matter how many chances he has to make his escape. He claws and bites without stopping, until his victim is torn to shreds.

When I heard the leopard growl, all these things flashed through my mind, and I determined to leave the animal until morning. If it had been wounded, there might then be a chance of finding it. I therefore turned, intending to cross a deep stream bed to the opposite bank, at least ten feet high. From this farther brink, I thought I could see the other side of the bush where the cat had stopped.

With this idea in mind I dropped down to the stream bed and scrambled up the opposite bank. But what I had started, the leopard was now fully determined to finish.

With my eyes straining at that bush, I suddenly became aware of a shadow moving slowly across the stream bed. It was the beast crossing, not more than 20 yards away from me.

I began to shoot at once, though again I could not see to aim. It was so nearly dark that all I could see was where the bullets struck as the sand spurted up all around the leopard. After I fired the third shot, the leopard stopped.

I thought she was killed. My boy, of whose presence I had become totally unconscious, now broke into a wild song just behind me—the Somali song of triumph which they chant whenever the master has killed an extremely dangerous animal.

But the native's song quickly came to a sudden end. Another song burst forth on the even stillness. It sealed the Somali's lips and it paralyzed me with terror.

It was the voice of an enraged and vicious leopard; the snarling, cursing and guttural coughing which it emits at the moment of its swift and fearful charge.

In that moment when I still stood there, benumbed with fear, I caught a glimpse of a lithe and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yellow body springing up out of the gray sand. She was coming straight for me.

For just a flash I was gripped with horror at the sight of the furious, oncoming beast, then I was suddenly possessed with power for the quickest action.

I worked the bolt of my gun. No answer! The magazine was empty. At the same instant I realized that the solid-point cartridge rested in my left hand, the one I had intended to replace with a soft nose. Now, if I could only escape the leopard until I got that cartridge into the chamber!

As the leopard moved, I ran backward, shoving the cartridge into my gun. Now all this took perhaps 20 seconds, but in those few seconds I thought of many things—but not the misdeeds of my past life. There was no time for that. But I did think very clearly of what I was up against.

Around the campfire we had discussed the possibilities of such an encounter, and it had been agreed that if a man were attacked by a leopard, the best thing was for him to fall on his face in order to avoid being disemboweled by the leopard's strong, knifelike hind claws. This would put it up to the gun-bearer or companion to take care of the leopard.

But I now realized that I must face the leopard the instant I could get that cartridge in place because the boy had no gun.

As the twentieth second ticked off and with my gun ready, I wheeled. Immediately I was face to face with the leopard in mid-air. My rifle was knocked flying from my hands and in my arms was the leopard—80 pounds of furious, bloodthirsty cat. I knew she intended to sink her teeth into my throat and hold me tight in her powerful jaws and forepaws while with her hind claws she dug out my stomach.

But unexpectedly enough, she missed her aim. Instead of clutching my throat, she struck me high in the chest and caught my upper right arm in her mouth. Thus not only was my throat saved but her hind legs were left hanging clear where they could not reach my stomach.

With my left arm I seized her throat and tried to wrench my arm free, but this I could do only little by little.

When I got grip enough on her throat to loosen her hold a bit, she would seize and set her jaws again in my arm an inch or two further down. In this way, I drew the full length of my arm inch by inch through her slavering poisonous mouth.

During all this time I was not conscious of any pain whatsoever. I seemed aware only of the sound of the crushing of tense muscles and the choking, snarling grunts of the infuriated beast.

As I pushed her jaws farther and farther down my arm, I bent over and finally, when my arm was almost free, I fell to the ground—the leopard underneath me. My right hand was now in her mouth, my left hand clutched her throat, my knees were on her chest, my elbows in her armpits which spread her front legs so far apart that her frantic clawing did nothing more than tear my shirt.

Here we both struggled for life,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man and beast. We were both determined to die hard. The leopard writhed and twisted her body in an effort to get hold of the ground and turn herself over, but the loose sand offered her no hold or purchase.

For a moment there was no change in our positions, and then after a little while I had a glimmer of hope.

For the first time, I began to think I had a chance to win this strange and deadly fight. Up to that moment, I had been fighting a good fight in which I had expected to lose, but suddenly I began to be aware that I now had the advantage.

Now if I could only keep my vantage ground, perhaps the boy would come to my assistance with his knife.

I shouted and called to him but to no avail. The boy was out of earshot or else too frightened to answer.

NOW DURING all this time, my original state of terror had changed into one of complete physical anesthesia and of the greatest mental activity. All dread of death had vanished and the only sense of physical hurt I had was toward the end, when with my left hand shoved down her throat, my thumb was pinched by the animal's molars.

And as the leopard was crunching my arm, I recalled vividly a day at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago when I had stood with a medical friend before a bronze sculpture of a man in a death struggle with a bear. The bear was crushing the man's arms between his jaws. We had speculated on the probable sensations of a man under such conditions. Would he be sensitive to physical pain or not? And I now thought, "At last I have the answer to our question!"

How I longed to tell my doctor friend. But there would never be a chance, for I should soon be killed, I thought, as I fought on with a fierce joy—an exultation that can come only in a hand-to-hand battle for life where there is at least a fighting chance.

I still held on to the leopard. I continued to shove my right hand down her throat so far and so hard that she could not close her jaws. With my other hand I gripped her throat in a strangle hold. Then I surged down hard upon her with my knees, putting all the power in them I could muster.

To my surprise, I felt a rib break. I began to feel sure of myself. I did it again. Another rib cracked. Then I felt her relax, a sort of easing up and letting go, though she continued to struggle. Now, at the same time, I felt myself weakening in like manner. I had done my utmost. Soon it would become a question as to which one would give up first.

But I resummoned my failing strength and held on to the big cat and thrust my knees down on her chest again. Little by little her struggling ceased. Then her great body relaxed. The fight was finished. My strength had outlasted hers.

After what seemed an endless time, and while I still knelt there in a kind of haze, I let go. Then I tried to stand. I staggered about but finally I got onto my feet. Then I shouted to the boy that the job was finished. That poor frightened

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black boy! At last he answered and screwed up enough courage to approach.

Just then the leopard began to gasp. The ninth life was flickering on. I saw she might recover. Where was the knife, I asked my boy. He had thrown it away in his fear, he told me.

Fortunately he quickly located the knife and with it I at last made certain that the beast was dead. I saw then what made me the victor: my first rifle shot had shattered her right hind foot. It was this broken foot which threw out the aim of her first spring at me.

As I stood there in the midst of those dark and sandy wastes, I did not realize how badly used up I was. When finally I stumbled into our camp, my companions were seated at dinner. My startling appearance arrested their attention. My clothes were torn into shreds, my naked arm was mangled and dripping with blood. Dirt and clotted gore covered me all over.

I demanded all the antiseptics in camp and they rushed to get them. Any leopard's bite not quickly treated is most certain to cause blood poisoning.

While one of my companions was off for the surgical kit, I keeled over. My boys now stripped me and doused me with cold water, and I soon came back to the full realization of the gravity of my encounter.

The antiseptic solution was now pumped into every one of the countless tooth wounds, until my arm was so full of liquid that an extra shot put into one gash drove it out of another. While this strenuous first aid was in progress, I almost regretted that the leopard had not been victorious. But this treatment was done so quickly and so thoroughly that my life was saved.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"Five Wrong Ways to Save Money," by Madelyn Wood.

If you're pinching pennies with your left hand, you may be throwing dollars away with your right. Every family will profit from the lessons to be learned in this timely and interesting discussion of how NOT to save money.

"The Story Behind Marilyn Monroe," by Grady Johnson.

A close-up study of the most exciting new personality to reach Hollywood since Jean Harlow. You'll be seeing a lot of her from now on at your local movie theater. Grady Johnson tells how she climbed to stardom.

"Stalin's Agents in Washington," by Tris Coffin.

What goes on behind the "Iron Curtain" of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D. C.? Here is an almost incredible report of intrigue and conspiracy in the shadow of the White House.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Happened in Jerusalem

by ROBERT G. MCGREGOR

I WAS AMERICAN Vice-Consul in Jerusalem some 20 years ago when I received a hurry call from a hospital. An elderly, bedridden American wanted to make a deposition.

The ward nurse informed me in the passage leading to the sick man's room that he was dying. She said she had administered a drug to boost his strength, and warned me not to stay long.

I went in. Mr. Schwartz (to use an alias) was sitting up in bed, alert but pale. "Young man," he said, "I want to dictate my last will. Let's get started."

While I scribbled away, Mr. Schwartz dictated for more than an hour. He described a house and lot here, a cottage there, stocks, jewelry, automobiles; he disposed of his wealth to dozens of relatives, never once pausing or changing his mind.

When he had finished, he slumped forward and said, "Read it back to me, quickly."

I read over the notes, occasionally looking up. He was paler than ever. His eyes shut; only his hands indicated life—his fingers shook under the sheet. As I came to the words with which he had ended his deposition, he opened his eyes.

"One final thing," he said. "And this is most important, so get it straight. To my eldest son, Julius, I bequeath possession of my most valuable asset, to keep for all his life and to pass then to each succeeding generation. I give him my certificate of American citizenship."

Then he added hurriedly: "That is all, boy. Let me sign."

I drew a line beneath the last dictated word, "citizenship," and handed the paper and pen to him. He seemed not to see me. I pointed to the place for signature. He in turn pointed to the word "citizenship" and, as he signed, muttered: "My greatest possession."

Suddenly he leaned heavily against me. The pen slipped and rolled down the sheet, leaving little blotches of ink. Mr. Schwartz was dead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's Your

by GEORGE W. CRANE, PH.D., M.D.

The rating scales presented here have helped many married folk to take a more objective and less emotional view of themselves and their mates. The points raised are widely applicable and significant, not only to men and women already wed but also to those contemplating marriage.

Rating Scale for Wives

	Merits		*Demerits*
1.	A good hostess—even to unexpected guests	2	1. Fails to sew on buttons or darn socks regularly 2
2.	Neat at breakfast	1	2. Wears soiled or ragged clothes around the house 2
3.	Neat housekeeper	1	3. Always late for appointments 1
4.	Never goes to sleep angry	2	4. Goes to bed with curlers in her hair 2
5.	Asks husband's opinions regarding important decisions	2	5. Is a back-seat driver 1
6.	Good sense of humor	1	6. Flirts with other men 1
7.	Sends children to church or Sunday School and goes herself	2	7. Delays coming to bed until husband is almost asleep 2
8.	Lets husband sleep late when he can	2	8. Is suspicious and jealous 1
9.	Encourages thrift, is economical	1	9. Talks about former boy friends 2
10.	Belongs to parent-teacher club or child-study group	2	10. Tells family affairs to casual acquaintances 2
11.	Serves balanced meals and cooks well	2	11. Slows up card game with chatter and gossip 2
12.	Greets husband at night with a smile	2	12. Squeezes toothpaste at the top 1
13.	Has a pleasant disposition in the morning	2	13. Opens husband's personal mail 1
14.	Has courage and will defend her ideals	2	14. Frequently exceeds her allowance or family budget 2
15.	Praises husband in public	1	15. Talks during movie or play 2
16.	Writes to husband's parents	2	16. Discourteous to salesclerks and hired help 2
17.	Likes children and is sympathetic to unfortunates	2	17. Serves dinner, but fails to sit down till meal is half over 2
18.	Keeps husband's clothes clean and pressed	2	18. Corrects husband's speech or actions before others 2
19.	Healthy and uncomplaining	2	19. Saves punishment of children for father at night 2
20.	Keeps self dainty and feminine	1	20. Insists on driving car when husband is along 2
21.	On friendly terms with neighbors	1	21. Is snobbish or too much concerned with "keeping up with the Joneses" 2
22.	Fair and just in settling children's quarrels	2	22. Visits mother too often 2
23.	An active member of some women's organization	2	23. Doesn't want to get up to prepare breakfast 2
24.	Polite and mannerly even when alone with husband	2	24. Makes evening engagements without consulting her husband 2
25.	Praises marriage before young women contemplating it	2	25. Talks too long on the phone 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marital Rating?

In computing the score, add up the points in each column, then subtract the total of the demerits from that of the merits. The final figure should be interpreted according to this table:

0 to 6—Failure	21 to 32—Average
7 to 12—Very poor	33 to 39—Superior
13 to 20—Poor	40 and up—Very Superior

Rating Scale for Husbands

	Merits		*Demerits*
1. Courteous to wife's friends	2	1. Flirts with other women while out with wife	2
2. Remembers birthdays, anniversaries	1	2. Brings guests home for meals without warning wife	2
3. Helps wife with dishes, caring for children, scrubbing	2	3. Doesn't phone when late for dinner	1
4. Polite and mannerly even when alone with his wife	2	4. Compares wife unfavorably with his mother or other women	2
5. Consults wife's opinion on business and social affairs	2	5. Publicly praises bachelor days and regrets having married	2
6. A good conversationalist	1	6. Criticizes wife in public	2
7. Handy about house	1	7. Careless in bathroom—leaves razor out or ring around tub	2
8. Willing to go shopping with wife	1	8. Dislikes to dress or shave on Sunday	2
9. Doesn't quarrel with wife before children or in public	2	9. Hangs clothes on doorknobs or leaves dresser drawers open	2
10. Makes guests feel welcome	2	10. Uses profanity or vulgarity	1
11. Leaves car for wife on days she may need it	2	11. Blames wife for everything that goes wrong	2
12. Good-humored in the morning	1	12. Is suspicious and jealous	1
13. Even-tempered	1	13. Tells lies and is undependable	1
14. Writes often and lovingly when away from home	2	14. Stubborn—rarely admits that he is wrong	2
15. Plays with children or helps them with lessons	2	15. Calls "where is . . . ?" without first hunting the object	2
16. Attends church or urges children to attend Sunday School	2	16. Dislikes children or scolds them too harshly	2
17. Attends parent-teacher meetings and educational lectures	2	17. Gets angry if newspaper is disarranged	2
18. Ambitious—works or studies to gain promotion	2	18. Is chronic braggart or boaster	1
19. Surprises wife occasionally with candy, flowers, gifts	2	19. Will not help wife's relatives as much as his own	2
20. Shows wife attention and affection in public	2	20. Addicted to gambling	1
21. Kind, but firm and the head of his household	2	21. Defers too much to his mother	2
22. Well-liked by men, courageous	2	22. Belittles wife's opinions, her judgment or ability	2
23. Is true to his wife	1	23. Opens his wife's mail	1
24. Tries to keep wife equipped with labor-saving devices	2	24. Never wants to take wife out	2
25. Neatly hangs up his clothes	2	25. Too much a bookworm—doesn't talk to wife enough	2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRISON REDEEMER AND HERO

by JAMES WALLACE, JR.

One night of horror in a penitentiary, Father Albert J. O'Brien won immortality

FATHER ALBERT J. O'BRIEN was big, amiable, handy with his fists in fun or earnest, and a composite of the sentiment, sturdy integrity, and fair-mindedness that all Irishmen admire.

Father O'Brien was the only human being I ever knew without an iota of deception in his heart. He could pray for the soul of a condemned man one minute, and the next, if circumstances warranted, cuff the daylights out of a moronic lug. Such versatility peculiarly fitted him for the toughest and most trying ministerial post in America—Chaplain at Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, Ohio.

Assigned to the prison pastorate in the 1920s, the young Irishman found himself at the very beginning of his career in a job which put a heavy drain on his fortitude and optimism.

The inmates' court of last resort was a knife, a short piece of metal fashioned into a bludgeon, or a razor-edged stiletto made from a file. Few would have let the dignity of a priest's robes stand in the way of real or imagined provocation. It was dangerous to be partisan and little less so to remain neutral. Hopelessly embittered prisoners were likely to count anyone an enemy who was not bound by their particular code.

Into this dark place young Father O'Brien sauntered one day. He scanned the inflammable mob, saw what he was up against, then promptly told all and sundry—of-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ficials and inmates—that he had come to stay. He kept his promise, and in so doing his influence came to be felt in every one of the thousand cells in the prison.

The good Father far extended the duties of his office. In his tireless efforts to establish direct contact with all the prisoners, he interviewed each new arrival at the penitentiary. They soon realized that to Father O'Brien every individual was important. His office and his warm understanding were always available to the men who came to him asking advice and assistance.

If the men couldn't come to him, Father O'Brien went to them, and not a day passed but what he made his faithful rounds of the prison hospital and the death cells of doomed men.

It was on one of the latter visits that Father O'Brien met a 19-year-old Hungarian boy and, in talking with him, became convinced of his innocence. Nor was his conviction shaken when the young man's appeal to the higher courts was turned down.

With grim determination, he revived the flagging hopes of defense attorneys and enlisted the aid of the Hungarian-language press.

The Governor was persuaded to grant a stay of execution. New evidence was collected; witnesses, previously intimidated, took heart and spoke out boldly.

For 27 long months the prisoner's fate hung in the balance, and during that time he tensely watched 17 other men go to their deaths in the electric chair. He himself never had to walk the last mile. Thanks largely to Father O'Brien, he finally was given a commutation of sentence.

But it was in the great Ohio Penitentiary fire of April 21, 1930—one of the worst prison tragedies of all time—that this dedicated man reached the heights of heroism. Officially, the prison holocaust claimed 322 victims. Actually, the count should read 323, for, though Father O'Brien survived for three more years, there is no doubt that his untimely death at the age of 46 was hastened by the prodigies of self-sacrifice which he performed that black Easter Monday night.

After a strenuous day of outside parish duties, he was summoned to the penitentiary and found the place an inferno.

He paused only long enough to send out a plea for more priests and then turned his attention to the victims who, in various stages of incineration, had staggered or been carried from the blazing cell block. He worked over them all night, fainting in the end from sheer exhaustion.

"I could stand the nerve-wracking ordeal three hours only," one of his helpers reported later, "and I have often wondered how Father O'Brien, then in failing health, endured such horrors."

He was more than a priest that night. He was first-aid man, prison official, brawny wielder of a sledge hammer, assistant fireman, stretcher bearer, consoler of the injured and dying, and gentle soother of frantic men.

His hearty Irish voice was like a foghorn bellowing commands clearly audible above the terrifying roar of the flames. When he yelled for "a couple of guys to help get this boy out of his cell," a hundred vol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unteers came running to the brave priest's side.

He crawled down galleries flanked by white-hot steel bars to administer last rites to the hopelessly trapped. He held men's hands during their last agonizing moments, men who could not recognize him through the black smudge that gave him a clownish appearance.

Not once did he allow a man's particular type of religion to deprive him of a final solemn word of encouragement and a blessing. As for those who had no faith, no religion—he comforted them, too—for perhaps they were the ones who needed it most.

Few men ever have earned so much reverence in so brief a period. I saw hitherto flagrant God-haters step up, remove their hats, and put out their hands to touch the man who had, before their unbelieving eyes, immortalized himself in their esteem. They had not realized such selfless devotion to the cause of human souls was possible.

The Father's terrible sincerity shocked hundreds of them into a new faith in the goodness of man. And this faith was still evident, three years later, when his massive body lay in state in the chapel over which he had presided.

It was plain on every face in the long and solemn parade of men who came for a last look at the beloved priest. I did not see a dry eye among his many hard-bitten mourners.

It's So Easy!

THAT'S THE COMMENT we receive every day from many of our Community Representatives. And most of these folks who earn *extra income* by taking orders for all the popular magazines had never sold a thing before.

Taking subscription orders is a ready-made way for you to beat the high cost-of-living . . . many of our thousands of Representatives earn as much as *$4 to $5* an hour, just by calling on friends and neighbors.

Put *your* spare hours to profitable use . . . you'll enjoy getting around and meeting new people while adding extra dollars to your income.

It's *easy* to get started selling subscriptions . . . there's no investment or experience needed. You can begin seeing friends and neighbors immediately by writing today for your FREE Coronet Sales Kit to:

JAMES M. FOSTER
Coronet Subscription Agency
Dept. 253, 488 Madison Ave.
New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camera and Character

THÉRÈSE LE PRAT of Paris (left) is said by many to be one of the world's greatest photographers. A consummate artist, she molds shadow and light as a sculptor does, using her camera to evoke the eternal mystery of human character. On this and the following pages are examples of her work, posed by great personalities of the French theater. Their faces, she says, are "magnificent instruments to convey emotion."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like a haunting painting is this pale mask, the great eyes closed, the sensuous lips at peace. Has the camera caught the moment of truth when the self drops guard, and the soul is naked before God?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

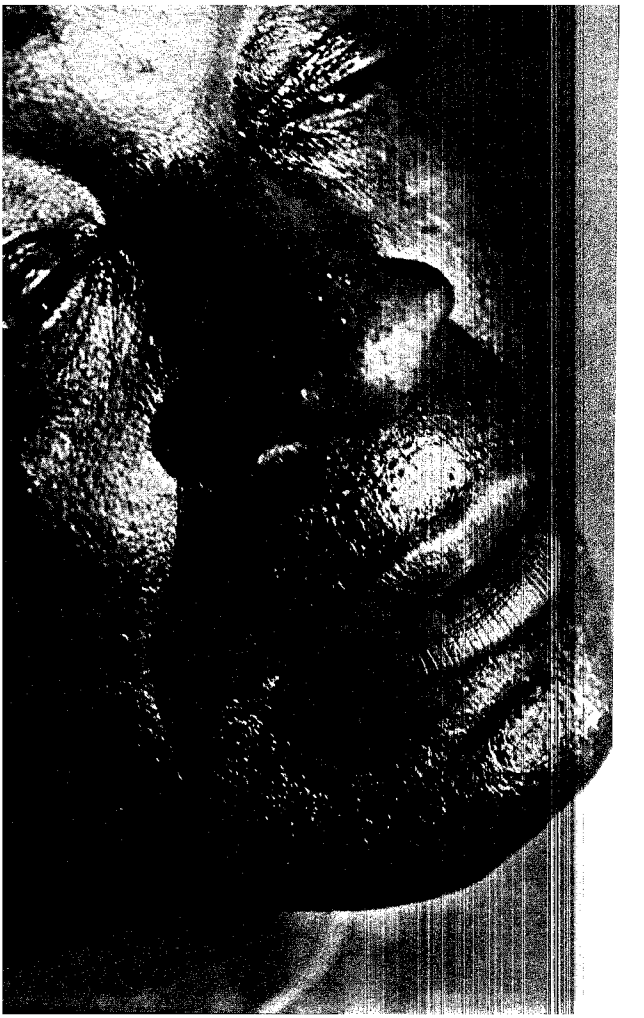
Sometimes there are gray thoughts, and dark memories the mind will not accept. Then the crystal lens is a sorcerer: it grasps the unknown horror, it fixes the glint of madness forever in the tortured eye.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

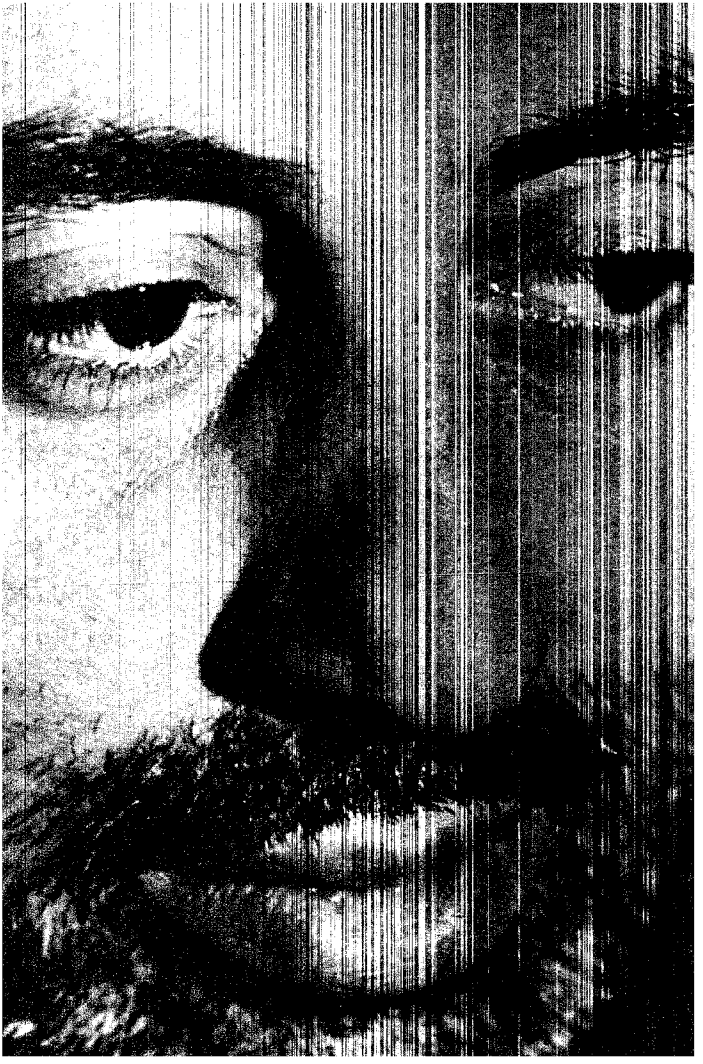
Can one human being ever know another? What strains to speak here, what distant worlds of thought revolve behind these grave, unseeing eyes? This is spirit turned inward, a face seen outside of time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

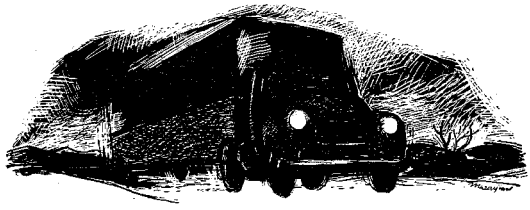


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR FRIEND THE MOVING MAN



by LAURENCE GREENE

A streamlined industry takes the headaches out of "Moving Day"

NOT SO LONG AGO, the thought of moving sent a shudder down the back of the American housewife. What turmoil, what frustration, were invoked by the words "Moving Day"! For they meant sending one's possessions on a perilous journey by rattling freight car or rickety van, with a complete disruption of family life.

Today, moving no longer conjures up such unhappy scenes. Moving, whether three miles or 3,000, has become a science, and some 25,000,000 Americans do it every year. Already it is possible to transport a household from coast to coast and have it set up in every detail, with curtains hung and rugs laid, waiting the family's arrival. In short, the American moving industry has come of age.

New techniques have been developed. New equipment, scientifically designed to meet specific tasks, has been brought into use. For example, the old "hump strap"—a webbing used to hoist and hold a load on the mover's back—has given way to the wheeled dolly; the tattered comforters and quilts of old have been replaced by special pads; stowing without breakage has become an art. And most important, the moving man himself has become a highly-trained professional, a combination psychologist, engineer and family counselor.

If, for example, he works for such a company as North American Van Lines of Fort Wayne, Indiana, which operates some 1,200 vans and typifies the modern moving industry, he will have taken special courses and passed tests including physical fitness, temperament and knowledge of space relationships.

He can pack a load so skilfully that there is no extra room for even a cigar box. He knows how to reassure the housewife that he will give her treasured possessions the same loving care that she does. He has a way with rambunctious youngsters and fretting parents. And he can prove this—right on the job!

James Edgett, North American president, who virtually grew up in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the moving business and still keeps his hand in by driving a load of furniture from coast to coast once a year, likes to tell of tributes he receives from clients.

Recently a Chicago executive moved to a New York suburb, and North American sent a man to his Chicago home a day in advance to pack china. The job was a detailed one, and the moving man was invited to spend the intervening night in the home.

By the time he finished, the two young boys of the family—whom he had good-naturedly commissioned "special assistants"—had grown to like him so much that they used their allowance to buy him two presents—a comb and a pencil.

Gravely they presented the gifts just before he departed with the van. "We had so much fun," said the older of the two, with all the maturity of 11 years, "that we wanted you to remember us."

For today's mover, such kindnesses are all in the day's work. Jim Brazer, for example, a veteran with the lines, tells of the time he pulled up at a house to be met by a frantic father with one child in his arms and another clutching at his bathrobe. Upstairs a new member of the family was about to be born prematurely. In the midst of the confusion, the family doctor arrived.

Brazer soothed the harassed father, shepherded the children into the kitchen, and kept them fascinated with stories while he prepared breakfast. By the time the baby was born, the children had been washed, dressed and fed by the moving man. "You're wonderful!" acknowledged the grateful father.

Somewhere in North American's files is a memo covering the case of an executive and his wife who moved from the South to a Connecticut village. She had hired a new maid and insisted that the girl be on hand when they arrived at the new house.

When the hour came, no maid. The housewife was frantic: moving was enough without having kitchen chores on her shoulders. Her husband, a little helplessly, explained the situation to the moving man.

The latter rubbed his nose. "How far to the nearest town?"

He was told it was Westport, five miles away.

"Lend me your car and I'll get a maid," he promised. He drove to a Westport employment agency, interviewed four prospective maids, picked out one, and brought her back to the house in time to start dinner.

"And the epilogue to that," the smiling client says today, "is that the maid is still with us!"

Edgett's own career with North American parallels the growth of the industry. Despite the fact that he is merely middle-aged, his beginnings in the business seem worlds away, though it was only two decades ago. As a small trucker in Battle Creek, Michigan, he moved anything that could be lifted with a "hump strap" and a strong back.

Today, having worked his way up from driver to president of the company, he knows every one of his 1,400 drivers by name. One result of such expert direction is that the company jumped its volume from $1,300,000 in 1945 to $11,600,000 in 1951.

Most of North American's movers are in the business because they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like it. There's the lawyer who gladly surrendered his practice to take to the road. Or the Annapolis graduate who preferred life at the wheel to life at sea. North American even has father-and-son combinations, in some of which the boy is still at school. The youths spend vacations with their fathers, preparing ultimately to run their own "horses," the name given to the huge Diesels which haul the seven-ton trailers.

This feeling that movers have for their work can be seen in their own appearance and that of their "horses." The men with North American, like those with other big outfits, wear smart uniforms and keep their equipment spic and span. They carry documents (interstate moving requires exacting paper work) in fine brief cases.

North American encourages this pride with a merit system. Men accumulate points on their all-round rating, exchangeable for merchandise. Meanwhile, their pay is good. The average is $7,000 a year, but the man who exerts himself can earn up to $12,000.

Most of the cabs have built-in bunks, electric-razor outlets, even window curtains. One driver has installed zebra-skin upholstery at his own expense. Nor is all this for appearance only. The Interstate Commerce Commission has ruled that no driver may do more than ten hours at a stretch. After that he must rest eight. Thus, many rigs you see pulled up beside the highway have an operator sleeping in his bunk.

When these schedules are disturbed for any reason, the movers will go to elaborate pains to keep their clients informed, as witness the story of a St. Louis businessman who moved East last year.

The family had gone on to New York by train and stayed at a hotel to await the truck. It was mid-February and highways to the West were icy, making travel hazardous.

Somewhere in Pennsylvania, the truck was halted by a blizzard. The driver telephoned his client to explain, and thereafter called every two hours to report progress. The truck finally arrived 36 hours late, cargo intact, and promptly moved the family to its new Long Island home. There had been an unavoidable delay, but never a moment's worry for the client.

Yes, moving has come a long way since the old days. The best way to find this out, of course, is to get yourself moved, like the delighted housewife who walked into her new home, a thousand miles from her last, to find beds made, curtains hung and food in the refrigerator.

"You're amazing!" she gasped.

"All in the day's work, lady," replied the mover-packer-housekeeper-friend. Then, with a smile, he drove away.

Voice from the Past

AN ARMY ABROAD is of little use unless there are prudent counsels at home.
—CICERO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLOATING AIRFIELDS FOR ARCTIC DEFENSE

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Daring U. S. fliers have found new bases near the North Pole

DEEP IN THE WHITE desolation around the North Pole, U. S. Air Force fliers have found a natural wonder which may help us win World War III—if it should ever come.

The discovery may give us extra hours of warning of approaching hostile bombers, bound toward America's cities over the short polar route. It may permit us to base defending planes far beyond the limits of the North American continent. In peacetime, it may make possible unheard of accuracy in long-range weather forecasting. And although it may sound like a piece of Alice-in-Wonderland nonsense, all this is made possible because we have discovered ice in the Arctic regions—a new kind of ice that nobody knew was there.

Take a look at a map and you'll see that up at the top of the world is the Arctic Ocean. To our military planners it is a sinister part of the globe. As far as naval operations are concerned, it's not an ocean. For the Navy it is forbidden territory, a vast jagged plain covered with floating ice which is constantly churned by wind, tide and treacherous currents. Here is only merciless destruction for any vessel; no steel can stand the cruel pressure of the grinding ice.

To our Army, the picture has always looked equally hopeless. Men could not safely be sent out to set up bases on this wind-tossed ice. "No camp on sea ice is ever entirely safe," says Stefansson, the great Arctic explorer. "Pieces of your floe the size of a city lot will rise on edge and toward you, and the ice around camp and under it will begin to groan, buckle and bend."

Yet this desolate region that is neither land nor water happens to be enormously important in the modern military picture. Planes headed toward the United States could most swiftly reach our cities by flying straight across the Arctic. With bases and radar stations barred from this whole great area, enemy planes could be hours on their way before being intercepted, or even detected.

Moreover, the Arctic is the great weather breeder, the mother of storms and huge air movements

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that have much to do with determining world weather. No wonder both military experts and scientists have said longingly, "If we could only have bases in the Arctic Ocean!"

True, the Russians once landed a group of weather observers on a floe, where they spent eight precarious months. And, of course, the plane recently stepped into the picture, and Air Force observers have been making frequent flights clear to the Pole. But beyond that, the Arctic Ocean seemed destined to remain forbidden to human beings.

THEN ONE DAY in May, 1950, the weather observers and pilots of Ptarmigan Mission were called together for briefing about a curious assignment. They were to look for large floating islands in the Arctic Ocean—islands that could be used as bases for our planes and as weather-observation stations. Not islands of land, but of ice, far more massive and thicker than the treacherous six-to-twelve-foot stuff that choked most of the sea.

Scientists theorized that such ice islands would be formed when ordinary floes piled up against such rocky shores as those of Prince Patrick Island, and then later drifted back to sea.

Besides the big "if" as to whether enough such islands existed, there was the question of whether these islands could be spotted from the air. The scientists worked out a careful picture of what they thought the leviathans should look like, and the fliers of Ptarmigan Mission went to work.

At first, as they made flights over the bleak icescape, neither straining eyes nor radar screens picked up anything like the massive floes they were seeking. The men were urged not to be discouraged; their quest might take months.

Then on June 3rd, the radar oscilloscope revealed a large dark object, quite different from its surroundings. Next day it failed to show up. Ten days later, at a different spot, something just like it appeared again on the screen.

Was it a floating island of thick ice? There was no way of knowing.

Prodded by this tantalizing clue, the fliers patiently continued to take photographs and peer hopefully at radar screens. Finally, on July 20th, Weather Observer Lieut. Walter G. Jones saw a chunk of ice that he thought might be an island. He took three photographs, but when they were examined the experts shook their heads.

Two days later, Capt. Lawrence S. Koenig, flying near the same spot, took more photos, from a different angle. This time there was excitement back at the base in Fairbanks when the prints were carefully studied. For Koenig's photos showed something extraordinary—something that was clearly a gigantic mass of ice.

Comparison with the pictures taken by Lieut. Jones showed the same drainage lines and markings. No question about it. They had found a genuine floating island!

Other missions took more photos, until they had a complete map of the massive piece of ice, which turned out to be roughly 20 miles long and 18 miles wide. It jutted up perhaps 40 feet above the surface of the sea, and had as much as several hundred feet of its thickness concealed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beneath the water. We now know of at least three such islands. However, discoveries of others may remain a military secret.

Can the floating islands really be used for bases? Yes, say the experts. These giant pieces of ice, some covering hundreds of square miles, are practically indestructible. Their trip through the Arctic Sea, before they float out into other oceans, should take at least five years. Caught in giant eddies, some may remain in the Arctic for decades. No amount of battering by lesser floes would damage them, standing high above the other ice as they do, so structures may safely be built on them.

There is one thorny international question still unsettled. Who owns the islands? Russia boasts that she owns everything north of her territory, but other countries do not officially recognize this claim. Even if they did, the American Arctic covers a vast expanse of sea, which may contain scores, perhaps more, of these floating islands.

Perhaps the best answer to ownership has already come from daring weathermen who have made history by embarking on a strange journey through the Arctic on an island of ice. Their dramatic story began when Lieut. Col. Joseph O. Fletcher persuaded his superiors to set up Project Icicle. One day last March, a heavily loaded C-47 took off from Greenland, roared in above the hunk of ice known prosaically as T-3, later as Fletcher's Ice Island.

Again and again the pilot came down toward the ice, blinking the blinding white haze out of his eyes. Finally, on the eighth try, the wheels touched ice. Fur-clad men clambered out into the 60-below-zero cold. Maj. Gen. William D. Old, who had come along as copilot, stomped across the ice, struggled back to mutter to Fletcher, "I don't see how anyone can live here."

Fletcher begged the General to let him stay. "We'll make out all right," he said with an assurance he hardly felt, as he beat his hands and jumped up and down to fight off the terrible, numbing cold. Hastily, supplies were unloaded, a camp set up, and the three lonely men waved as the C-47 lumbered sluggishly across the furrowed ice. They were alone on their ice island, just a hundred miles from the North Pole.

Soon weather reports from their strange weather station at the top of the world were flashing in to start a new chapter in the history of Arctic adventure—and perhaps in the military history of the world. Americans, whose security has been increased, can take pride and courage in the fact that our armed services have had the imagination and courage to make a new ally of the Arctic ice.

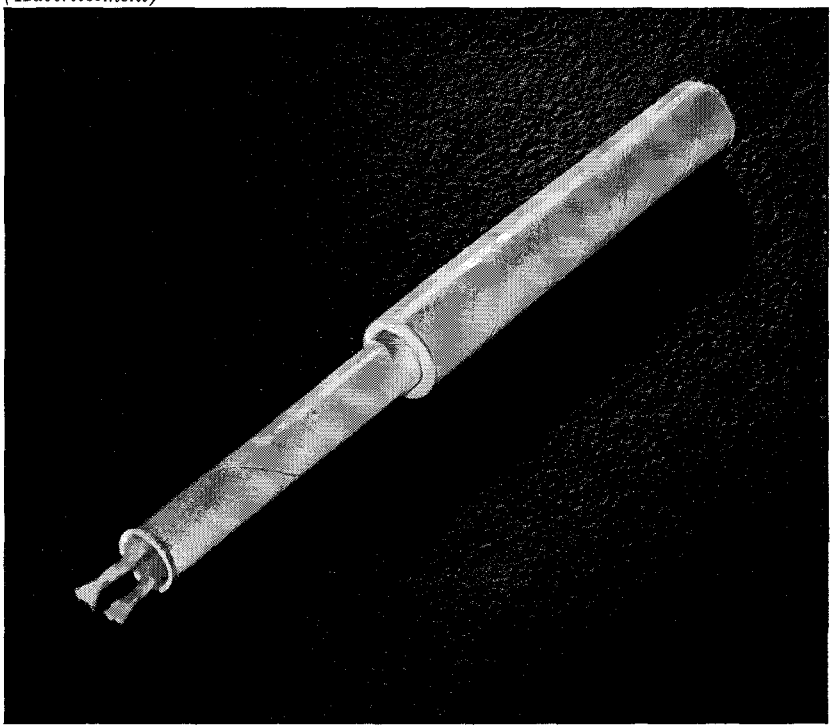
Maxims for Motorists

When a woman takes a turn for the worse she's apt to be driving a car.
—Franklin P. Jones

A telephone pole has never been known to strike a car except in self-defense.
—Alan Prescott

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)



This is a picture of a BOON*

**Boon: a benefit enjoyed; a thing to be thankful for; a blessing. Webster's Dictionary*

Make no mistake about it. The cards aren't stacked FOR women, at least not on the four to six days every month that pose special problems of grooming, comfort, action.

But modern women share a secret their mothers never knew. It's the secret of internal sanitary protection—the secret of Meds tampons.

Meds tampons are small white tubes of soft, amazingly absorbent surgical cotton. Each comes in its own individual applicator, pictured above. Meds are easy to use and so comfortable you never know you're using them.

Every day's a free day for the single girls, married women who use Meds—free for swimming, dancing. No chafing or odor; no pads, pins, belts, bulges.

Every day's a better day when you discover Meds—the doctor-perfected tampon. If you've never used tampons, you don't know how genuinely comfortable you can be. If you've used other tampons—do try Meds. You'll find them simpler, safer, more comfortable than you ever thought tampons could be.

That's what nurses, single girls, married women tell us. And even more important, doctors overwhelmingly approve tampons like Meds.

We are so sure you will like Meds better that we want you to try them at our expense. For a FREE sample package in plain wrapper write Olive Crenning, Dept. COR-9, Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J. (One to a family, U. S. and Canada only.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Where No Child Knocks in Vain"

by FRANK E. CROFT

"The Sick Kids" hospital was founded on a woman's enduring faith

HENRY MOFFAT WILL make the Darrenton "Beavers" next year. Last summer he was given a chance to play second base, as substitute, with someone to run for him when he batted. By next year he will play the position regularly, and do his own running!

There is nothing wonderful about Henry's case as one of remedial surgery following a crippling attack of polio. What makes it unusual is the fact that instead of the patient seeking the hospital for care, the hospital went looking for the patient. It found him 450 miles away in a Northern Ontario backwoods lumbering community.

Toronto's new Hospital for Sick Children, or "the Sick Kids" as it is known by its staff and former patients, together with its branch at Thistledown, Ontario, is the largest children's hospital on this continent.

Its story begins behind the red brick and sandstone walls of a 50-year-old building not far from the new structure. There, in crowded wards and ancient operating rooms, were performed a series of medical marvels which earned the attention and admiration of pediatricians all over the world.

"Our formula is simple," a veteran staff doctor explains. "Everyone does the work of three, we'll try anything new, and anything we need and haven't got, we'll make."

During the terrific polio epidemic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"Why, Daddy? Why did you lose our vacation money?
Why didn't you carry American Express Travelers Cheques?"*

Put your right foot forward — before you take any trip protect your travel cash with 100% safe American Express Travelers Cheques. You get a quick refund if they're lost or stolen. There's no substitute because they're the *best-known,* most widely accepted cheques in the world.

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at any Bank — also principal Western Union, Railway Express offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

100% SAFE—EASIEST TO CASH

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of 1937, the hospital's first patient was Gordon Jackson, stricken with respiratory paralysis. An artificial lung was needed in a hurry if the three-year-old youngster was to be saved.

There were few iron lungs in the world at that time, and the one at Sick Kids was in use. So doctors, interns and even the janitor got busy at a basement workbench and made an iron lung out of scraps of wood and metal.

"It was an all-night job," one of the workers recalls. "The youngster was turning bluer by the second and I think his chances for survival could have been reckoned in minutes by the time we were ready to put him in our homemade respirator. But it worked."

When Gordon could be removed from the lung, a report came from Denver of an eight-year-old girl, Shirley Kraus, needing a respirator in a hurry. The lung was flown to Denver where it saved another life.

Before the 1937 epidemic ended, a corner of the basement at the Sick Kids had become an iron-lung assembly line. With local manufacturers supplying parts, 32 were put together. Some of the calls for them were so urgent that workers would climb into the back of a truck with a partially-assembled job and finish putting it together en route.

In another phase of the hospital's work, infants with harelips and cleft palates have had these handicaps so effectively removed that the techniques developed at the institution have for many years been adopted by surgeons all over the hemisphere.

When a woman brought her second baby within less than two years for a harelip and cleft palate operation, one of the doctors pointed out that there was evidently a gene in her family that was playing hob, and perhaps she had better give up the idea of having any more children. She promised to abide by his advice, but two years later baby number three was brought in, with the same deformity.

The mother eyed the doctor guardedly, then finding courage she said: "Look here, the first baby I brought for this operation was actually our fourth. The first three are quite normal. Well, the two you have operated on are better looking than the others. You wouldn't know they had ever had a harelip or cleft palate. So we're going to have as large a family as we like, and you're going to patch them up."

The doctors went to work on the newcomer without a murmur.

LATE IN THE 1870's, Mrs. Samuel F. McMaster of Toronto was appalled by mortality statistics prepared in London, which showed that 42 per cent of all deaths came to children under ten years of age. She felt that more attention could be given to children's diseases if the little patients could be treated in a hospital of their own.

A house was rented for $320 a year, provided with six cots and two stoves, and staffed by a matron, a nurse and a cook. It had not been open many days when the matron devised a sliding tray arrangement so that the young patients could have their toys and books within easy reach. Today, this device, with modifications, is used in hospitals throughout the world.

The early years of the Sick Kids

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zenith Quality

SETS THE PACE

NEW "HOLIDAY" PORTABLE

Super-Powered

FOR AMAZING LONG-DISTANCE RECEPTION

Again—with the new "Holiday"—Zenith proves world leadership in portables.

Finer tone and greater sensitivity are yours to enjoy fully with the Zenith-built speaker and other famed Zenith Quality features. "Pick-Me-Up" handle for greatest carrying ease. New "Top-Side" Tuning makes possible precise tuning from front or back. Big, powerful, long-life battery pack . . . or plug into any AC or DC outlet. Maroon, Grey or Black plastic cabinets. See the "Holiday" at your Zenith dealer's.

• • •

New Zenith "Holiday" Portable. Built-in Wavemagnet® Antenna. Zenith-built Speaker. New Zenith "Top-Side" Tuning. Maroon, Grey or Black plastic. AC or DC current and 200-hour battery operation.

© 1952

ZENITH "LONG DISTANCE" RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation
Chicago 39, Illinois
Also makers of Fine Hearing Aids

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are an example of the power of faith. When the need for a furnace became acute and funds were low, Mrs. McMaster ordered one and asked the dealer to be patient—that he would get his money when her prayers for funds had been answered.

The furnace was installed; and the prayers were answered. Under date of January 28, 1878, a diary entry reads: "Funds all exhausted. Patient brought in very ill. We cried unto the Lord for help. The Lord will receive our prayer." And under January 31st: "Met for prayer and thanksgiving. Gifts for the last three days have been $59."

The story is often told of a visitor in the early days remarking on how low the knocker was set on the front door. The matron replied, "Yes, this is a place where no child knocks in vain."

The phrase has been a sort of unofficial motto ever since. There has never been any barrier of race, creed or pocketbook.

A few months after the hospital opened, Mrs. McMaster prevailed upon seven of the city's leading doctors each to donate the larger part of a day to her young patients. These men became the first staff doctors.

Since then, others have been added, and today there are more than 100 outside doctors, many of them of international reputation, who contribute an annual 50,000 hours free.

Private wards have never occupied more than a quarter of the floor space of any of the five buildings which have housed the hospital during the past 77 years. The same is true of the new 632-bed building.

Few empty cots are available at any time. Yet room is found for all. Each year the hospital sends out a team of doctors to examine children who might require hospitalization—children so situated either financially or geographically that their chances of finding their way to the hospital would otherwise be slim.

The team usually consists of a pediatrician, surgeon, neurologist and perhaps an eye or ear, nose and throat specialist. Sometimes minor ills can be cared for on the spot; but frequently the patient has to be brought to Toronto for treatment.

Specifically, the Province of Ontario is the zone covered by the Sick Kids and its services. "It is our aim to make Ontario the healthiest place in the world for a child to grow up in" is the way the hospital's program has been explained. However, children come to the hospital from all over Canada and the U. S.

Twenty years ago, hospital workers were shocked by the 15 per cent mortality rate in cases of perforated appendices. A campaign was begun to impress the Province's doctors with the importance of early diagnosis.

Parents were educated to the fact that appendicitis is common in children, told the signs and symptoms, and the need for calling a doctor at the first suspicion of trouble. Result: the mortality rate has been reduced considerably.

Without knowing it, many a To-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free films for your group

Here are eight new *free* films—eight *16mm sound motion pictures* for your church, school, business, service group . . . for gatherings of every type.

from Rockledge Institute

☐ GENERAL OF THE ARMY—DOUGLAS MacARTHUR *{30 min.}* Hear his famous words . . . see his welcome back.

from Baker Furniture, Inc.

☐ SKILLED HANDS *{Color, 37 min.}* See fine furniture being created by skilled craftsmen.

from Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville Ry.

☐ THE HOOSIER LINE *{Color, 28 min.}* Take a trip on the Monon . . . see the Kentucky Derby.

from California Redwood Ass'n.

☐ SEMPERVIRENS *{Color, 30 min.}* Fascinating story of the giant Redwoods.

from Crane Co.

☐ THE NEXT STEP *{Color, 30 min.}* Step-by-step rebuilding of a run-down farm.

☐ PIPING POINTERS *{30 min.}* Graphic presentation of piping maintenance procedures.

from Pan American World Airways

☐ WINGS TO FINLAND *{Color, 22 min.}** Visit Helsinki, site of the '52 Olympics.

☐ WINGS TO VIKINGLAND *{Color, 28 min.}** See modern Stockholm . . . gay Copenhagen.

**Small service charge.*

These top-notch productions may be obtained from your nearby office of Ideal Pictures, world's largest distributor of 16mm films. Check the titles you want, list preferred dates next to titles, then mail this page to your local Ideal dealer. Or, send it to:

☐ **Also, please send me a Free Film brochure, *without cost or obligation*, listing 55 other free films for church, school, business, club use.**

® **Ideal Pictures**

DEPT. C-309
65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ronto housewife rubs shoulders with shoppers from the Sick Kids when she goes to the neighborhood market. But she will hear of the results of her fellow shoppers' activities within a few days.

"We're market-basket scientists," the hospital's nutritional expert explains. "We make regular trips to market, picking fresh and processed foods at random from the shelves, bringing them back to the labs and finding out just how much nourishment the families are getting. Most food value for the money is the information we are constantly seeking and broadcasting."

Not so very long ago, canned foods of a certain brand were analyzed and found to be unnecessarily low in vitamins

The processor was then told about it and shown how different methods would make his product more nutritional. Far from being resentful, he sent the hospital a check to further its work in nutritional research.

The hospital receives grants from the city and Province, but these do not meet full operating costs. The balance is made up from private supporters. Except for the new building fund appeals of 1945 and 1949, which raised $2,500,000, there is only a "Christmas appeal" for money. To quote one of the veteran doctors, "It comes naturally."

In the old building, a brass-framed donations box on the street wall stood as a mute appeal for help. Not only money but rings and other ornaments of value were thrust into it.

As for the hospital today, a senior nurse says: "It is permeated with the same spirit as when Mrs. McMaster and her co-workers used to take a frightened look at the ledger and kneel to pray. It is still the house where no child knocks in vain."

Quoteworthy

When asked what one thing helped him over his greatest obstacle, Henry Ford replied, "The preceding one." —IRVING HOFFMAN

Peace is not the absence of conflict, but the ability to cope with it. —EDWARD R. MURROW

Liberty is the one thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others. —WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

PHOTO CREDITS: 6 (top), Columbia Pictures; (bottom-left) Warner Bros.; (bottom-right) RKO-Radio; 10 (top), Philip Gendreau; (bottom-left) Aaron G. Fryer from Black Star; (bottom-right) Josef Scavlea from Devaney; 14, Pan American Airways System; 16, Leo Aarons from FPG; 67, 70, 72 (bottom)-74, Allan D. Cruickshank from Nat'l. Audubon Soc.; 68, Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette; 69 (top), Joseph Foldes from Monkmeyer; (bottom) H. T. Morris; 71, George A. Smith from Nat'l. Audubon Soc.; 72 (top), Ruth and H. D. Wheeler from Nat'l. Audubon Soc.; 99, 105 (top), 107-109 (top) and 111-112, Wide World; 100-101 (top), 102 (bottom) and 109 (bottom), N. Y. Daily Mirror from INP; 101 (bottom)-102 (top), 103-104, 105 (bottom)-106, 110 and 113, INP; 114, Acme; 131-138, Thérèse Le Prat; Actors shown in order of appearance: Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Daniele Delorme, Jean Vilar, Ludmilla Pitoeff, Jean Marais, Habib Benglia and Coco Aslan.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left—An actual photo of an ordinary girdle with uncomfortable bones. ***Right***—Change to a "Perma•lift" Girdle with the Magic Inset, and "enjoy the difference" in lasting beauty and comfort.

Look for the Magic Inset and enjoy the difference

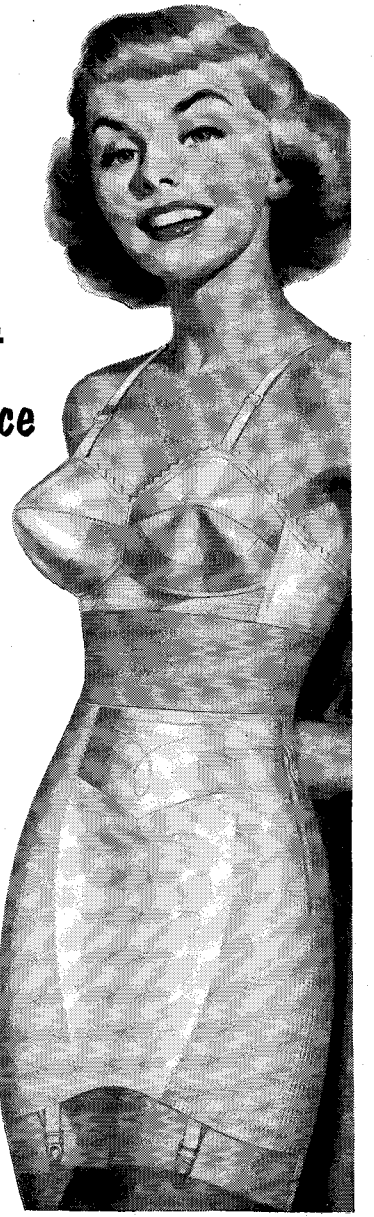
You want your girdle to make you beautifully slim, but you want to be comfortable too. "Perma•lift"* guarantees all you want and more. Be sure you get the right length —and enjoy the amazing comfort of the Magic Inset.

1. The Magic Inset eliminates uncomfortable poking, pinching bones.
2. The Magic Inset *guarantees* that your "Perma•lift" Girdle won't roll over, won't wrinkle, won't bind.
3. The Magic Inset never loses its "stay-up" smartness.

Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in the proper length "Perma•lift" Girdle today. Modestly priced from $5.00 to $18.50

*"*Perma•lift*"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Co.—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)*

Perma•lift
REG U S PAT OFF
GIRDLES
NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS



Perma•lift Girdles in **4** *Lengths. Tall, tiny or in-between, there's a Perma•lift Girdle in the perfect length for you.*

Girdle illustrated—No. 3715—$8.50
Bra illustrated—No. 69—$3.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a new book to tug at your heart

"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GIRLS"

Coronet's appealing picture story of little girls has been bound into a beautiful book at the request of many of our readers. Here are their honest, unsolicited comments . . .

"In words of one syllable, it's the *best* I've read in years —more power to you."
Lee R. Havens, Tacoma, Wash.

"Would it be possible to have it printed as a book? . . . would like to buy at least ten copies."
Mrs. Philomena B. Hunt, North Attleboro, Mass.

"Utterly charming . . . brings about a better understanding of little girls, their moods and phases."
(Miss) Katherine Dougan, Lincoln, Neb.

"I have carried my copy with me and have shown it to more dads than I can recall."
Oliver R. Brown, Oak Park, Ill.

"Is there any way of getting the picture story complete, suitable for framing?"
R. E. Myers, Westover, Mass.

"If 'What I Know About Girls' were put into a little book, it would become a classic."
Laurel E. Keynan, Denver, Colo.

". . . a masterpiece—never have I read anything so beautifully accurate."
D. Robert Webster, Salt Lake City, Utah

Only $1 each

Coronet Dept. C-1, Box 402
Radio City P.O., New York 22, N.Y.

Please send me____ First Edition Copies of "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GIRLS."

Please send me____ First Edition Copies of "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BOYS."

I am enclosing $1 for each book ordered.

name_____ address_____

city_____ zone____ state_____

Now, in permanent book form, you can have this appealing story, "What I Know About Girls" and its equally fine companion classic, "What I Know About Boys." Use the coupon at left to order both books today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How in the world...?"

"Just like that—zip, zip, zip—8 perfect slices from what *looks* like a solid piece of cheese! How *do* you make it?"

"How do you make these slices *taste so extra good?*"

"How do you keep them from drying out?"

Lots of people ask us these questions about Kraft De Luxe Slices, the handy, new slices that we alone make.

The answers are simple—it's because an amazing new Kraft invention does *not cut* slices from a loaf, but actually *forms* our perfect sandwich-size slices right as the fine process cheese comes from the pasteurizers. Wraps and seals them *airtight* in a matter of moments!

So won't you just *enjoy* the wonderful flavor of the finest process cheese *ever* made? Put a package or two of Kraft De Luxe Slices in your shopping basket tomorrow! And let us say we're awfully glad that millions of you agree: here at last is *the perfect way* to buy cheese in slices.

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY
Makers or importers of the world's favorite cheeses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED